

# SPY

Our Annual Roundup

FEBRUARY 1996

Infiltrating Scientology  
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The 100 Worst People,  
Places & Things of 1995







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This One



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## Cult of the Tanned

SPY's own rogue reporter Mark Ebner goes undercover to infiltrate one of the largest, weirdest, and most frightening religious cults in America. Posing as a troubled L.A.-based writer (what a stretch!), Ebner went through the bizarre, mind-warping rituals that have lured Tom Cruise, John Travolta, and many other soul-searching members of Hollywood's glitterati into Scientology's talonlike grip. . . . **34**

## The Spy 100!

Pride. Greed. Lust. Envy. Wrath. Gluttony. Sloth. Trump. Once again, it's time for the roundup of all those lovely folks (other than O.J.) who made 1995 perhaps the most annoying, alarming, and appalling year in history. Alex Gregory and Peter Huyck team up with the formidable SPY Computer™ to rank the "winners." Newt, Jacko, Demi, and The Donald slug it out with 96 other contestants for the coveted No. 1 slot. . . . **46**

## I See a Bottle of Vodka in Your Future

While it's darn near impossible to get a hold of Boris Yeltsin these days, getting through to Lenin is a snap. Mark Bauman traveled to Russia and investigated the country's biggest growth industry: psychics. They cure cancer, they advise the political elite (So, that's how the Chechen thing happened.), and for a price, they can put you in touch with your favorite deceased despot. Bauman scores the scoop of the century when he lands a tête-à-tête with Vladimir Ilyich himself, and finds out what the Father of the Russian Revolution has been up to all these years. . . . **66**



Model: Viki Scudieri from Life Styles; Hair: Norman James for Price Inc.; Leather outfit: Religious Sex New York; Cowboy hat and boots: Billy Martin's New York; Cowhide belt: Trash and Vaudeville New York





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If you're looking to invest in a profit-intensive industry, forget software start-ups and Boston Market (née Chicken). According to **David Shenk**, the companies with the biggest and brightest futures are behind bars. . . . . **28**

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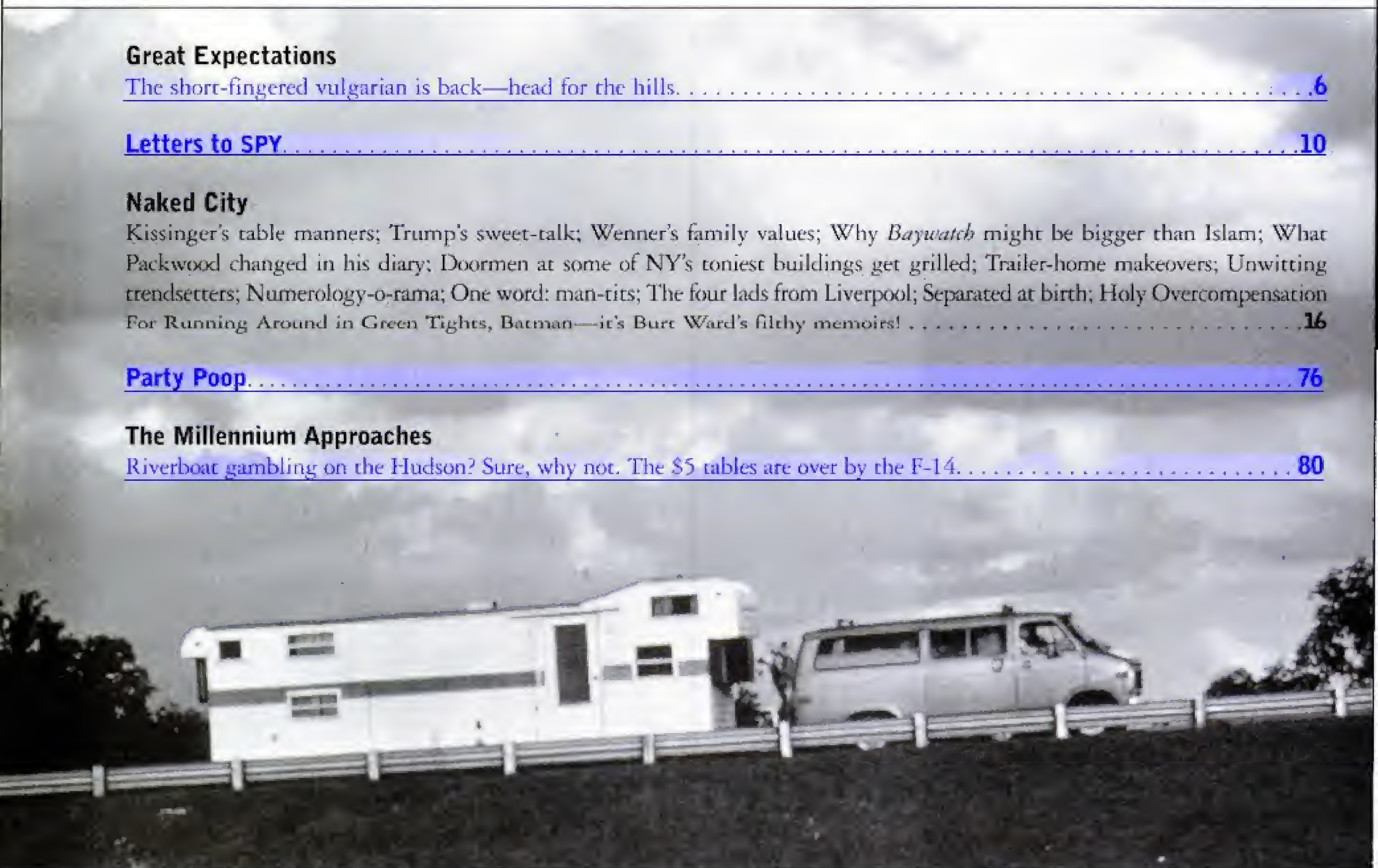
### Naked City

Kissinger's table manners; Trump's sweet-talk; Wenner's family values; Why *Baywatch* might be bigger than Islam; What Packwood changed in his diary; Doormen at some of NY's toniest buildings get grilled; Trailer-home makeovers; Unwitting trendsetters; Numerology-o-rama; One word: man-tits; The four lads from Liverpool; Separated at birth; Holy Overcompensation For Running Around in Green Tights, Batman—it's Burt Ward's filthy memoirs! . . . . . **16**

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### The Millennium Approaches

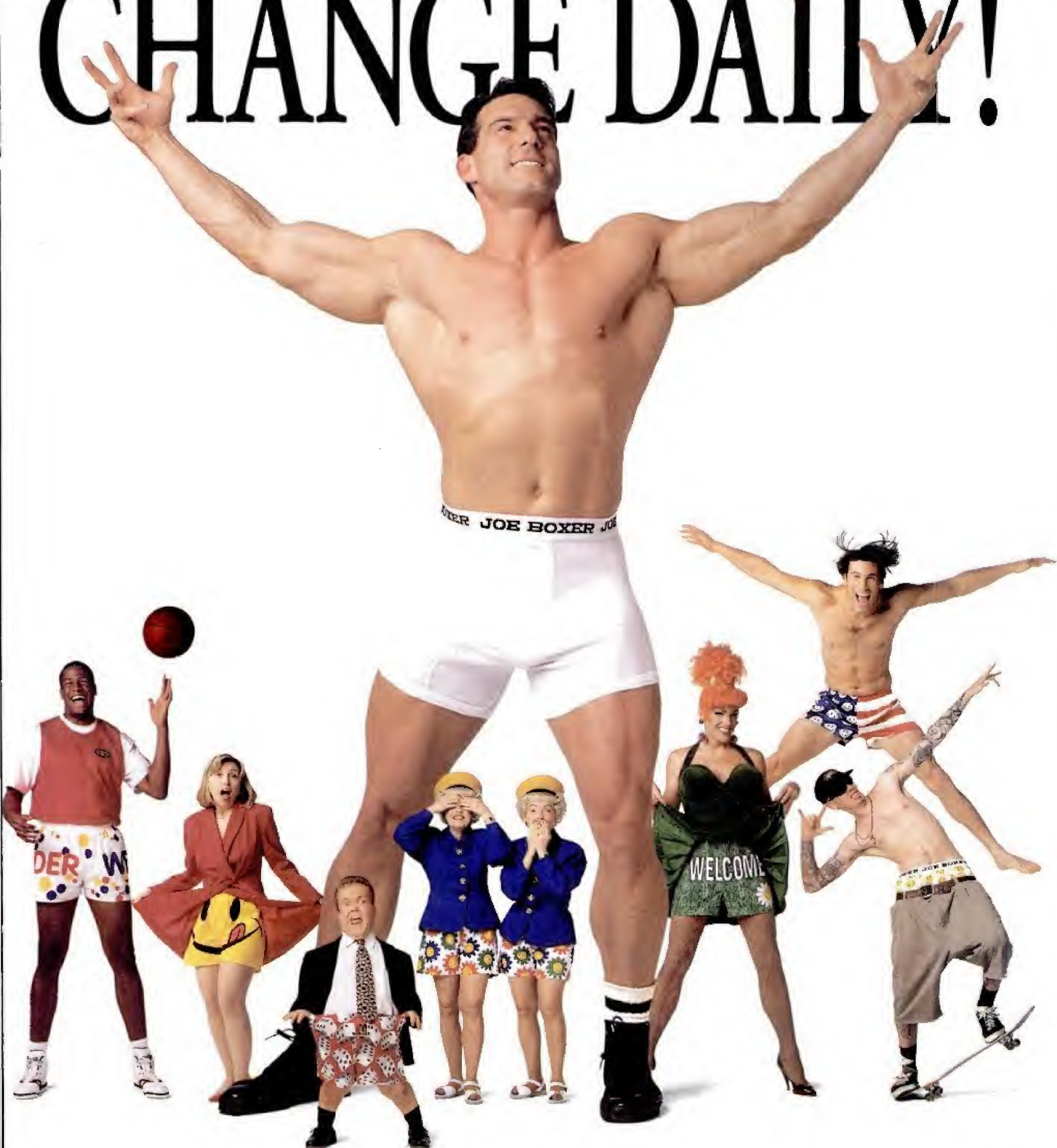
Riverboat gambling on the Hudson? Sure, why not. The \$5 tables are over by the F-14. . . . . **80**



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# The Return of The Donald

IF YOU ARE IN THE CULT BUSINESS, you make sure that you have someone to control.

Moldable clay, raw materials, lighted fools. Supply-side economics '96. SPY is in *some* business.

We modestly hope it's apparent which. A few years ago, when this magazine levitated to its near-death

experience, some concluded that there wasn't enough to be funny about. A resource scarcity, a dearth of ridiculous people and things.

Wrong. To paraphrase Marcia Clark, "Exhibit one, your honor," and with all deference to Minister Farrakhan's citations on the sanctity of certain numbers, Huyck and Gregory have booted up the SPY mainframe and divined that the United States is saturated with screamingly appropriate people for the annual SPY 100. A cult of the annoying, ridiculous, and absurd. Good grief! And all this in spite of the handicap imposed by excluding O.J. from the exercise.

STILL, IMAGINE OUR incredulity when the name of a certain short-fingered vulgarian was spit from our computer—released from exile, freshly solvent, and with a puerile new wife to cheer on his classy decision to pollute our local ecosystem with a renovated Gulf and Western building. Worse: The Donald marched at the head of a Veterans Day Parade down Fifth Avenue. Don't think for one second his contribution of \$100,000 to the Veterans committee had anything to do with it. Surely, the military is not susceptible to compromise.

Neither is SPY. Vigilant about our reputation, we suffered a vicious attack of airborne heebie-jeebies when Mark Ebner advised us of his decision to infiltrate the Church of Scientology. We feared—a deep, unreasoning fear, but fear nevertheless—that we'd be untrendy.

Steadying our resolve, we decided to be scientific about the Scientologists.

Rebooting our corporate SPY Computer™, we hooked up with Dr. Margaret Singer, author of what surely will be the definitive book on the subject, *Cults in Our Midst*. Singer deprogrammed Patty Hearst and prepared her for roles in John Waters movies. Cult films. But as red-blooded Americans, we couldn't over-

look the fact that her book opens with no less than 15 reasons why the Marines are not a cult. Who would suggest they were?

Nonetheless, Singer's cult criteria include: 1. Keep the person unaware that there is an agenda to control or change; 2. Control time and physical environment; 3. Create a sense of powerlessness; 4. Suppress old behaviors and attitudes; 5. Install new behaviors and attitudes....

Jesus. Sounds like Alcoholics Anonymous. So why didn't Ebner infiltrate AA like millions of Americans? Why pick on the Scientologists? Did he really expect us to believe the Church is mean-spirited and antagonistic? So confident were we that the Scientologists were getting a bad rap, we provided the Church with advance copy of his article, home phone number, address, and the name of his lawyer. Do you think that's needlessly provocative or insensitive to the safety of our esteemed, if perhaps overly enthusiastic, journalist? We hope not.

BUT EVEN IF YOU agree that AA *is*, in fact, a cult, don't presume that we don't support it, too. The world needs more cults. Think of how much healthier a certain nuclear power would be if it faced up to its leader's proclivities. ("My name is Boris and I...") There'd be fewer rubles squandered on psychics and the debtors in possession of 20,000 nuclear warheads would be disciplined, open, and caring, leaving a robust demand for other imports—Scientology, for example. Or our annual SPY 100. ☺





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## Contributors

**Sam Pratt** ["I Am the Taurus, Goo Goo Goo Joob," "Louis, Louis, Louis, Louis...", *NAKED CITY*, p. 17, 24] is the editor and publisher of *Ersatz* (The Magazine Of Cheap Imitation), in which he assumes the role of "trend-spotter and bottom-feeder of the lowest end of pop culture." Favorite targets for Pratt are "jazz, cigars, whiskey, and gourmet coffee," which are all a part of a phenomenon he terms easy



snobbery. "Being able to plop down seven dollars at Starbucks does not make you a connoisseur of anything," Pratt insists. Asked to describe himself using his own personality chart, he responds, "A Ringo with John, Paul, and George rising." His work has appeared in *Esquire*, *New York*, and *Time Out New York*.

**Mark Bauman** ["100,000 Russians (and Nancy Reagan) Can't Be Wrong," p. 66] is a Moscow-based producer for ABC News, which he calls a minor outpost in the Disney Empire. He has reported from all around the world, including hot spots like Bosnia, Afghanistan, and the Persian

Gulf. Monitoring the changes in the former Soviet Union since the late 1980s has allowed him to witness some odd trends, the latest of which is "the mob's new love of Tex/Mex and donning American cowboy hats and boots." Mark has also written for *The Village Voice*, *The L.A. Times*, and *Time*.

A worshipper of prepackaged everything, **Barry Zeger** ["Upwardly Mobile," *NAKED CITY*, p. 22] loves airline food, TV dinners, and chemical preservatives of all kinds. After a long day at Rhino Records, where he works as a writer and producer, Barry relaxes at his home, which is currently decorated in a "Southwestern-industrial-mid-tech-kitsch" style. He describes his ideal decor as something "as subtle as an Alannis Morrisette phone call to an ex-boyfriend." Barry is busily stuffing his mattress with cash in anticipation of the big



home furnishings transformation. When not writing witty articles for *SPY*, Barry contributes to *The Sun* (yes, the one in the supermarket), *Cracked*, *Time Out New York*, and the online publications, *Word* and *Urban Desires*.

**Karina N. Kindler** ["What's in a Name," *NAKED CITY*, p.18] a new *SPY* intern, has *not* been published in *The New Yorker*, *Esquire*, *Vanity Fair*, *Playboy*, or *Juggs*. Karina, unofficially the world's tallest woman at 7'10" (8' in heels), comes to us after completing NYU's summer publishing program and teaching children's ski school in Colorado—"a cold *Romper Room* in hell." For her

first appearance in a national magazine, or "any magazine better than fish wrap," she pounded the pavement to probe the inner workings of life as a New York doorman. Karina told us that "two days walking around this city talking to doormen can really give you an appreciation of the inane." Her next project is an exposé of flyer distributors who hang out near Times Square.



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### From the SPY Mailroom

WE'RE SORRY! OKAY? WE CURSE that day in the board room when our Big Shot Editor, with absolutely no thought to common decency, (or to those of us who actually have to read the mail), decided that revealing where the "rod" in Rodham *truly* comes from would sell magazines. So we in the mailroom sincerely apologize. Never mind that we, as lowly, underpaid, overworked, underappreciated editorial flunkies permanently assigned to the unsavory task of actually *dealing* with you people, have absolutely zippo right to apologize for squat....

As you've undoubtedly gathered by now, sorting through the letters was a less than gratifying assignment this time around. Two disturbing trends appeared, making us feel a little, how shall we say, *shaky*, about our readership. The first such trend is the apparent desire of our more stability-challenged readers to opt for anonymity. This from the likes of people using names like Navy Dude, who go on and on about, gulp, Drew Barrymore's "rump roast," and offer a rather frightening scenario involving her breasts and a pair of jumper cables. And *he's* the one embarrassed to be reading SPY.

But we kept our chinny-chin-chins up, slaving away over a hot mail bag, hoping for an inspiring or even remotely life-affirming letter. And what did we get? Trend number two: letters from people who obviously have no clue what the hell SPY even is, such as Guillermo C. Suder, from La Plata, Argentina, who writes: "I and a bunch of friends, some of them ex-cops, as myself, have the intention of starting

## "You Owe The Country An Apology"

### Hillary's Hammer

**W**ho are you people who willingly and self-congratulatingly decimate character for a living? Your magazine cover's depiction [Oct, 1995] of Mrs. Clinton reeks of misogyny. This cover could only be created and published by weak and fearful minds who build on themselves and relish in diminishing others, especially women who demonstrate intellect and strength. I am overwhelmed with disgust.

Presented as though clever or funny, your cover photo enhances prejudices of those predisposed to hold a view that if a woman is smart and is willing to assert herself when in a position of influence, she is unfeminine and deceptive. This view would hold that no "real lady" could be either smart or assertive. Therefore, she must be at least part man. What does this say to your daughters, wives, sisters, and mothers? "If you rise too high, go undercover and be quiet. Your [sic] a women [sic]. Not a man!" What standard does this set for your sons? This oversteps all limits of acceptability.

Any justification for this portrayal is in the least disgraceful, and at best, self-serving and pathetic. In the least, a letter of apology to Mrs. Clinton should be forthcoming.

Brad Koford  
San Francisco, California

*Whew, that smarts! And we thought we were paying her a compliment. Fine, we get the point, and we'll make it bigger next time. Far be it from us to belittle her manhood.*

**I** remember the cover of Hillary as a dominatrix. I thought it was funny. I was a little embarrassed to be seen with it on the Metro. At first I accepted your attacks against our first lady. The health care cover...there I started to get a little nervous. Here is this woman. She is one of the most respected lawyers in the country. She gives up her job to support her husband, the president. He asks her to revamp the country's health

care system, which she does for free. The country responds by trashing the idea under the influence of insurance company advertisements. Even her husband abandons her. And you of SPY magazine see fit to honor her by investigating her \$100,000 beef futures. How much would a health care consultant have cost?

I think you are afraid of her. You think she will emasculate you. When you morph a penis on to her, it is the ultimate insult. You can't even deal with her as a woman. You must pretend that she's a man.

When I lived in Paris I looked forward to your magazine, which was my only contact with New York. Now that I'm back, I'm saddened to realize how frivolous and off the mark you are. In your extreme effort to be sardonic, you have descended to the depths of sophomoric humor, and sexist at that.

Georges Sand  
Es2@panix.com

*Point well taken, Georges, but in our defense, Mary Shelley and all the Brontë sisters simply loved the cover.*

**P**lease cancel my subscription. Your recent cover is inexcusable. You give bad taste a good name. You owe Mrs. Clinton and the country an apology. For your sake, I hope this is your lowest point, otherwise you may be in danger of incarceration—in a mental hospital.

Louise Grantham  
Los Angeles, California

*Louise, your callous insensitivity to the pain of the mentally ill is just the sort of attitude that is giving bad taste a good name in this country. For shame!*

### O.J. Replay

**I** read your feature with satisfaction that O.J. is guilty, and got off without any punishment except the verdict of his own conscience. As part of the 1001 reasons,



could you have listed the money that the taxpayers lost for this "absurd" trial? And break it down so that everybody sees that these "trials" are coming out of our money?

*Jamie Marschalk  
Marietta, Georgia*

*Jamie, does the term "entertainment value" mean anything to you?*

**E**njoy your attitude on letters you don't like. Most magazines just don't print them. You, however, print a bit of the offending letter and then tell the writer to fuck off. It is refreshingly honest.

*Richard Blakemore  
Benicia, California*

*Thanks, Richard.*

## Gay Bunching

**I** liked your piece this month [Michael Applebaum's "The Whole Gay Question."]. I do think you're wrong in suggesting that stars who trail rumors of homosexuality ought to be confronted directly about them; just because rumors have arisen doesn't obligate a conscientious journalist to ask his subject about them, especially when they concern the star's sexuality, which seems a private matter. If a star is gay, then the journalist, in asking, has merely colluded in a whispering campaign to mar the star's commercial success which, unfortunately, can be affected by such rumors, despite the pervasive talk of gay issues in the media.

*Michael Shnayerson  
Contributing Editor, Vanity Fair*

## Tarantino

**W**hile you provide few details regarding Quentin Tarantino's beef with the unions, I can't help but presume his gripes were at least partly justified. As a production manager for the orchestra business, I grew accustomed to coughing up \$850 for Teamsters to roll a xylophone across a sidewalk, or to watching a worker drop my road boxes off the edge of a loading dock because the ramp wasn't her jurisdiction.

My favorite story, however, took place in a prestigious New York concert hall.

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## Letters to Spy

After renting the stage for a series of concerts, I obtained permission to hold a 30-minute workshop for abused children in a vacant rehearsal room. The catch? Plugging in the boom box I had brought from home required an extra IATSE "sound man" who—for his eight-hour call—stood to pocket about \$1,000. Talk about service with a smile.

*Name withheld*

*Everyone here in the mailroom is third-generation union, Mr. Warbucks, so you can just—hey, lunch break!*

*Address letters to the Letters Editor, SPY, 49 East 21st Street, 11th floor, New York, New York 10010 (or via E-mail at SpyMagaz@aol.com). Include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.*

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Even letters from readers who know SPY and sign their own name couldn't lift our spirits. "I'm cancelling my subscription!" writes Michael Worley, from Greeley, Colorado. "I notice that the language, humor and focus of SPY has adopted (or returned to) a New York/East Coast style that I don't understand... I sense in SPY the aim to write for the taste of an increasingly narrow, sophisticated 'In-Crowd' audience." You know Mike, it's *sooooo* refreshing to hear from someone who's willing to admit that he's just not sophisticated. Why, just the other day, we were having drinks at 44 with our good friend James Truman, and he told us a *fabulous* story about Tina, and how she...oops, sorry Mike, we forgot.

Finally, there's Josh M. Slifkin, a sophisticated, nonpseudonymous reader, who pointed out that Gregory and Huyck's 1994 SPY 100 accurately predicted O.J.'s acquittal. Josh says: "You must hate being right all of the time!" This is one time we wish we'd been wrong. ☺

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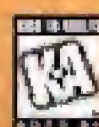
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## THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

### Packwood in Wonderland

Nobody likes to beat a dead horse; horses, after all, are admirable animals, and thus due some respect. Beating a thoroughly disgraced public official, on the other hand, is just good fun; indeed, the repetitive ridicule of the formerly lofty may serve as a kind of civics lesson: Americans steep in stories about how Washington couldn't tell a lie, how Lincoln was a rail-splitter, how Bob Packwood stuck his tongue down an elevator operator's throat. When parts of Packwood's personal diaries were included in the Senate Ethics Committee's report several months ago, Americans could enjoy the juicy stuff about sex and payoffs from lobbyists. But overlooked have been several lovely examples of Packwood's pathetic arrogance. Evidently he believed people would believe anything.

After the committee called for his diaries, Packwood tried to erase some damning material. In 1993, after he gave his most recent tapes to the woman who transcribed them, he asked for them back, and taped over some of the damaging material. Unfortunately for him, the tapes had already been transcribed. This must have made for an amusing afternoon in the Ethics Committee offices once the investigators realized that the transcripts and the tapes didn't jibe, and that the smug senator from Oregon had tried to get away with the most ham-handed sort of deception. Here with, the transcripts of



At the recent annual Fête de Famille AIDS benefit hosted by New York's fabulous air-kissy, Jackie-O-worshipping restaurant Mortimer's, an hors d'oeuvres tray of White Castle-size hamburgers seemed to grab the attention of Dr. Henry "Hot Fingers" Kissinger. A waiter who innocently walked away after allowing the statesman to consume just one burger was quickly chided by the maitre d', and hustled back to Kissinger's side. The Nobel Prize-winning knight proceeded to stuff burger after burger into his gaping pie-hole.



# naked city

## The Usual Suspects

When the feeding frenzy was over, Dr. K's face was daubed with ketchup, bringing subversive pleasure to the attentive waitstaff.

II

What does the lavishly coiffed amateur editor David (Lipschitz) Lauren do with his time while the rest of the staff of *Swing* is busy putting out the magazine? According to staffers, Favorite Son Lauren is usually hiding behind the closed door of his office. One of the few times he emerged was to purchase and assemble file caddies. For the rest of the day, he led anyone he could collar into the conference room, pointed to the empty hanging folders and asked, "So what do you think? They're great, huh?"

III

Donald Trump is seemingly as sharp-witted and debonair as ever. On a recent dinner outing with Miss Marla, he handed his true love's coat to the coat-checker, who asked, "Where would you like me to put it?" To this he responded, "Why don't you hang it on her ass."

IV

It's nice to see dy-

namic *Rolling Stone* owner Jann Wenner continue his tradition of hands-on editing. With one eye squarely on the success of rival *Men's Health*, Wenner recently summoned the editorial honchos of his money-losing



*Men's Journal* to demand more instructive, how-to sex pieces. "I don't want any more stories about condoms that don't mention the word penis," he thundered. "I want to see penises in this magazine."

The staff, used to the worst, sat stoically as Wenner ordered a column on masturbation. Forget the namby-pamby crap, he insisted; *MJ* needs red-hot specifics, including how best to enhance onanistic frisson with a hand that's numb. Even better: *Basic Instinct* star Michael Douglas once told him that a silk sock was another handy tool in the wank box.

In the words of *Pulp Fiction*'s Uma Thurman, that's a little more information than we needed to know.



me I can't figure out why I was being driven to the edge other than as a point of control."

## Stars of the Stars

# I Am the Taurus, Goo Goo Goo Joob

"I declare that the Beatles are mutants. Prototypes of evolutionary agents sent by God with a mysterious power to create a new species—a young race of laughing freemen."—*Timothy Leary*

**W**ith the release of *The Beatles Anthology Volume One*, the fabulous Liverpudlian four are once again here, there, and everywhere. People who don't know their music—babies, for instance—may wonder, "Why should we care?" Never mind their colossal pop achievements; their astonishing number of hits; their revolutionary approach to melody; and the first lyrics that didn't look silly on paper. No, we should care about The Beatles because we *are* The Beatles. As a group, they represent all of the major male personality types, both good and bad. Think of them as alternatives to astrological signs: "I'm a John, with Paul rising." If you can't find yourself—or your guy friends—in the chart below, you're not looking hard enough. —*Sam Pratt*

### GOOD

### BAD

#### JOHN

The brainy cynic, the revolutionary, the visionary. Driven, willful, articulate, caustically witty. Knows his own mind, and is willing to change it if he decides he's wrong. Gives new ideas a chance; experimental, almost to a fault. Difficult at times, but his very presence galvanizes everyone around him into action.

A tortured, damaged soul with a tendency to lash out. Personal demons queuing up for exorcism. Confesses to his sins, then repeats them. Hopelessly bitter. Doesn't take care of himself and works against own best interests. Affinity for primal scream therapy. Always hurts the ones he loves. Destined for tragedy.

#### PAUL

The cute guy, the sweet romantic, the effortlessly successful golden boy—Mother Nature's son. Always smiling, always sincere. A sense of humor, but a gentle one. Never depressed, though he occasionally gets "blue" in a way that makes schoolgirls want to cuddle with him.

Zero self-awareness—can't distinguish between genius and garbage. Smarmy, cloying, hammy. A control freak, often selfish. Leave him to his own devices for too long, and he'll embarrass himself. Too clever by half. Rests on his laurels.

#### GEORGE

A strong, silent dark horse who keeps his own counsel. Utterly competent and trustworthy, fiercely loyal to his close circle of friends. If you can get him to open up you'll be rewarded well beyond your expectations. Something in the way those proverbially still, deep-running waters move.

Uncommunicative, passive-aggressive. Easily suckered by strange fads. Secret, crackpot beliefs—a cult leader's wet dream. All things must pass, but nurses grudges for years.

#### RINGO

The cut-up, the class clown, the goof ball. Easy-going, always game for having more fun. An ugly duckling, but popular with a certain type of girl. ("He makes me laugh.") Totally nonjudgmental. Seems frivolous, yet probably is full of sound advice.

Gets no respect, a real laughingstock back home. Will do anything for a buck, but still goes bankrupt. Never gets serious. Sometime alcoholic. Living in the past, and it don't come easy.



### THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

the original tapes, followed by what Packwood tried to change them to...

#### Original

March 20, 1993. [Into] the office about nine ...played a couple hands of cards...Did some thank you letters to people that are giving money to the...legal defense fund. Looked through the diary to see when the famous night with S-1 [a staffer with whom Packwood had sex on the floor of his Senate office] was. I don't know why I have a feeling that she might say something. It's probably good she's leaving.

#### Revision:

Into the office....where I worked for a few hours. Some thank-you letters to people who've given money to the legal defense fund....I doubt we'll be able to raise...the amount...I need until after this matter is resolved. Gosh, I hope it can be resolved soon. Who knows.

#### Original:

June 29, 1993. Fundraiser was fine. On the way home, I discovered....S-1 had told S-2 [another staffer with whom Packwood had had sex] about our evening in the office, only...the way she told it to me...she's straight-out lying. She says...that I came out of the bathroom nude...I did not tell S-2 the specifics of what I remember from my diary ...but goddamn...she's not telling them about the time she took me home from the Crawfords' after swimming, lay on my bed, took off her blouse, took off her bra, and asked me to rub some aloe on her...skin...I won't describe in full detail here what happened, but it was a lot more than rubbing aloe on her bare back.

#### Revision:

The fundraiser was fine



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

and on the way home we again kidded about S-2's relationship with that fellow she'd been sleeping with, or nooning with, I guess, three times a week for seven years. And S-2 goes, "Oh for heaven's sake, I shouldn't have ever told you that!"

**Original:**

August 5, 1993. [If] they're not going to take hearsay, then they've got to take only complaining witnesses. And if they don't have Judy Foster, and whatever that woman's name is, the intern, I mean, ex-intern, she wasn't an intern...then I think there is nothing to be afraid of.

**Revision:**

There is no woman and never will be any woman for me like [name of woman Packwood was dating deleted]...All I really want, if I can, is to spend the rest of my life taking care of her and loving her very much.

**Original:**

August 7, 1993. Met Cath to look at [an apartment] that had become available...I'm prepared to make an offer. I then...asked Cath if she [would be] willing to take a week off and she and I would simply go through the diary?...the only main difficulty we will have is...if any diary entries related to the gathering of the information about the women...Did I attempt to unjustifiably gather information, et cetera.

**Revision:**

Met Cathy...to look at a place that had become available...I think I'm going to make an offer. I then really am kind of looking forward to settling in for these last five years and working hard in the Senate and voting for what's good for America and leaving a legacy that everyone can be proud of if I can get this ethics matter behind me.

## Doorman's Delight

# What's in a Name?

Doormen attempt to explain the names of their tony NYC buildings

Manny, The Vermeer (14th Street & 7th Avenue)

SPY: Is this a regular apartment building or a retirement home?

Manny: Co-op.

Are those Vermeers on the wall over there?

Yeah, all of them.

Are they actual Vermeers?

Nah—if they were real, they'd be sitting in my house.

You don't think they're kind of boring?

They just sit there and don't bother no one.

What is your general opinion of Jan Vermeer?

I don't have an opinion on that. I don't follow up on art.

Where was he from?

France, I think. All of the great painters are from France.

Patrick B., The Edison Hotel (228 West 47th Street)

SPY: What do you think was Thomas Edison's most significant achievement?

Patrick: Installing the lights in the Edison Hotel.

Did you know that he was from Ohio?

No, I didn't.

Yep. Which Ohioans contributed the most to American life: James Garfield, Thomas Edison, or Arsenio Hall?

Definitely Thomas Edison.

Because he installed the lights?

No. Not really. Because of his other accomplishments.



Like...

The lights.

(Guy sitting behind the desk across the room): Thomas Edison—he was putting in the lights here!

That's what I hear. What do you think his most significant achievement was?

Who? Thomas Edison?

Uh huh. Was it putting in the lights?

No, not putting them in. Inventing the bulbs.

Gallo R., The Oliver Cromwell (72nd Street & Central Park West)

Gallo: Hello, my name is Gallo.

SPY: Are you related to the wine people?

Not really, but they...share my famous name.

So, tell me about Oliver Cromwell. Do you know anything about him?

He used to live in the last century.

Do you know what he did?

Uh, I think he was a nobleman from the royal family. I'm not quite sure.

How long have you worked for the Oliver Cromwell?

I work here for the last 10 years and I really have wonderful memoirs. Someday I will sit down and start writing a book.

Do any famous people live here?

I can't say who lives here now, but I could tell you about [past tenants.]

Okay.

James Taylor! I am a big fan of his!

So, you knew him?

I started growing up with this American music...I came here in 1986 and I couldn't believe I bump into this building where my idol lived!

So, James Taylor is the reason you learned to speak English.

Oh, yeah! I shared with him, you know, an anecdote.

That must have been great.

—Karina Kindler

## Unwitting Trendsetters, Chapter II

The evolution of the "Red-Headed Romeo"



Archie



Ron Howard



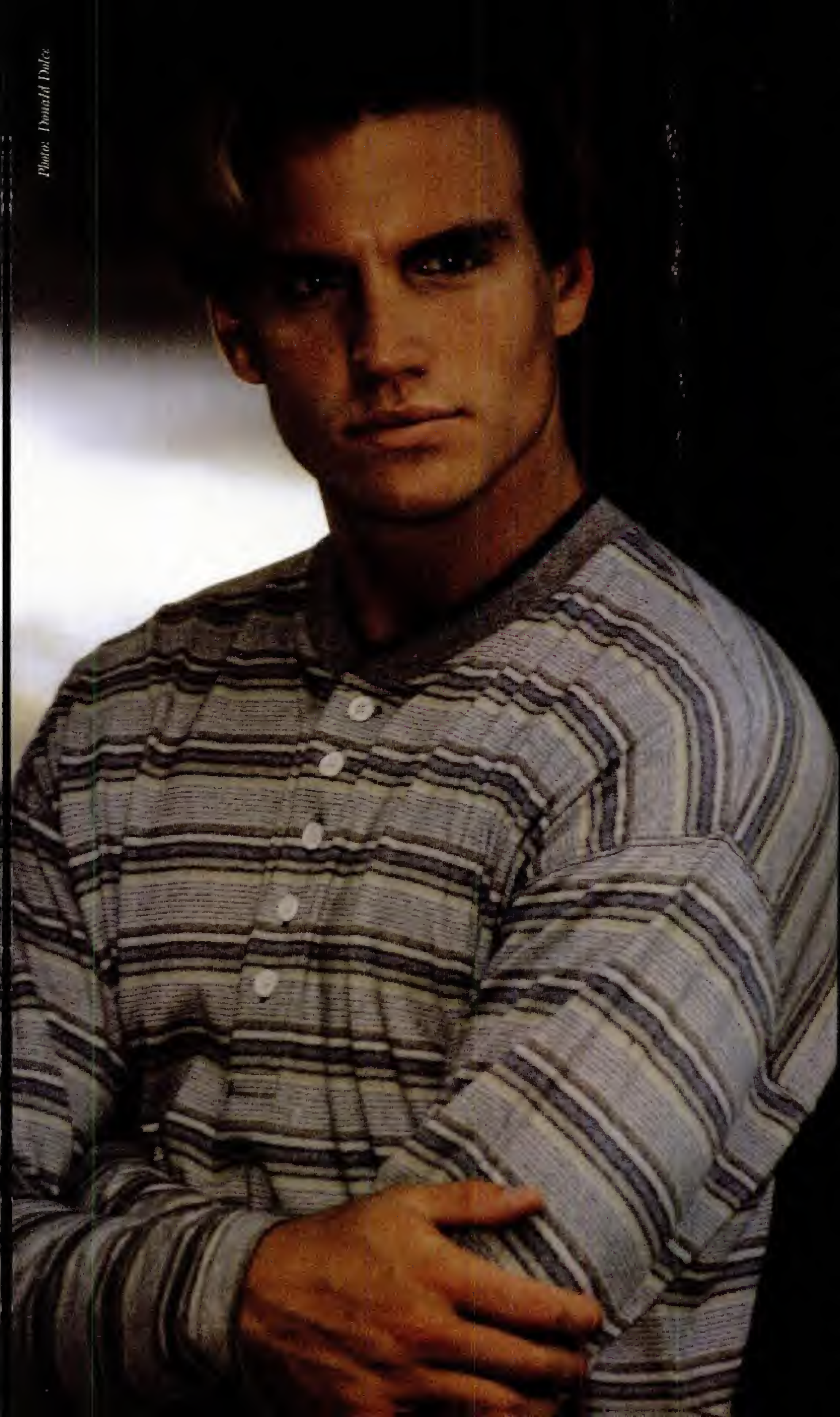
Eric Stoltz



David Caruso



Photo: Donald Dulce



# CHERRY SKINN



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Even if this loopy subterfuge had worked, there was a lot in Packwood's diaries that he was going to have to answer for. When investigators began quizzing Packwood about the information in the diaries, the senator's strategy was to try to convince his pursuers that when he took pen in hand, he was no longer the legislator with a steel-trap knowledge of the tax code, but actually a full-blown fantasist, whose fevered entries had only a serendipitous relationship with reality.

**Investigator:** And from that [daily calendar of events], and your memory, you would dictate the diary entries?

**Packwood:** Yeah, memory, I suppose real or imagined....

**Was it your intention to create an accurate record of events?**

Well, sometimes, yes. Sometimes I say I would give voice to conversations or thoughts and I would put them in narrative form, even though they may not have happened in that fashion.

**Let me ask the question this way: Was it your intent...to create a nonfictional account?**

No, not necessarily. I don't mean to say I was writing a novel with it, and I don't mean to say I was lying to it, but...I may put things in there that others would totally remember as different.

**But...[you] weren't trying to record something that didn't happen, were you?**

No—I don't mean no as the answer. As I said, I would put things into narrative form, conversations between Jones and Smith or Packwood and Green that I would picture I would have thought or they might have thought that might not have been said...

**But it was your intent...to**

## Saline Solution Bigger than Allah?

Baywatch's popularity explained

**T**ake a little beach, a little fun, enough silicone and saline solution to irrigate the Sahara, add a couple of pinches of inconceivable coincidence, serve to 18 percent of the world's population, and what have you got? *Baywatch*.

With better than one billion viewers in 110 countries, the circus sideshow of jiggling, bouncing peroxide claims more followers than any religion except, perhaps, Islam. Even more people watch *Baywatch* than have sex every day (200 million). (The definition of sex is crucial here; many *Baywatch* devotees no doubt experience a healthy amount of solitary pleasure during the show, so an accurate comparison of sexual satisfaction and *Baywatch* viewing may well be impossible.)

Frightening? Sure, but the only way to master fear is to dissect it, piece by terrifying piece. An exhausting viewing marathon of two months' worth of *Baywatch* episodes revealed some of the critical (or, more important, critically lacking) ingredients for creating your very own cheesy beach program.

**The Plot:** A buff and buxom crew, Matt, Logan, C.J., and Caroline, are lifeguards under the tutelage of stars Mitch (David "Der" Hasselhoff) and Stephanie (Alexandra Paul). The crew struggles not only with the stress of saving lives, but also with the nail-biting anxieties of making the pro-circuit beach volleyball team, winning motorcycle races, stopping friends from trying drugs, and keeping their blond tresses from getting tangled in the weight machines.

**The Pitch:** Producer Hasselhoff calls the show a family affair that appeals to young children and adults alike. Maybe so, if the new definition of family embraces single males between the ages of 18–34, and if Pamela Lee's surgically enhanced size 36D breasts have suddenly unseated the Power Rangers and critter channels as the reigning leaders of kiddie fandom.

**The Bonus:** Despite its billing as a life-

guard show, the *Baywatch* crew does a lot more than simply plucking half-drowned bodies from the sea's greedy grasp. *Baywatch* has a "social conscience," milking at least one token charity, cause, or disability per show. Most recently, a disturbing number of cancer victims and dwarfs have been shown wobbling down California's sandy shoreline, plucking viewers' heartstrings as they wend their way through prone throngs of scantily clad women.

Of course, Der Hasselhoff denies that the incredible amount of exposed flesh accounts for the show's popularity. (This from a guy who told *Playboy* that his name means rabbits having sex in German...It really means hazel tree farm, for crying out loud!)

The flopping breasts and gratuitous crotch shots are all just part of a day at the beach for the producers—and an even more important part of the contracts that Yasmine Bleeth and Pamela Lee signed when they joined *Baywatch*.

Each contract specifically stipulates that the actresses appear in a minimum of 15 cleavage shots per episode. Some things are just too good to be true. Says the show's only female writer, Deborah Schwartz, "...Apart from the breast implants, the bodies you see on *Baywatch* are real."

Breast implants or not, *Baywatch* producers have mastered the use of slow motion to get twice the footage out of half the breasts of a regular beach. And the female swellings seem to have a truly hyp-

notic effect; *Baywatch* is virtually the only television show that the Lebanese government does not censor, despite its habit of cutting to ribbons the incoming signals of other programs to placate Muslim fundamentalists.

But surely there's more to the show's popularity than cleavage? Not necessarily. See page 21 for a compendium of *Baywatch* statistics that make it stand head and chest above the rest.

—Devon Alexander





## THE BAYWATCH INDEX\*

- Cleavage shots (nonlifeguard): 17.67
- Cleavage shots (lifeguard): 7.17 [Figures skewed slightly because Pamela Lee (Denise) did not appear in several episodes.]
- Cleavage shots relevant to saving lives: .33
- Minorities shown on the beach in swimsuits: .67
- Lifeguards with perfect manicures: 1.0
- Times attractive women rub lotion on themselves: .33
- Elapsed time devoted to rubbing lotion: about 3 minutes, 42 seconds.
- Slow-motion shots of activities or breasts: 2.5
- Times the same shot is repeated multiple times for effect: .67
- Times female lifeguards appear indoors in swimsuits: 1.84
- Times male lifeguards appear indoors in swimsuits: .33
- Fat people on beach: .66 [not including Beach Boy cameos]



- Length show would be without gratuitous filler shots of beautiful women in bikinis: just over 5 minutes.
- Scientific impossibilities or amazing coincidences: 1.0
- Practice beach rescues: .17
- Actual beach rescues: 1.0
- Hip retro- or pop-culture references: 1.17 [Best all-time reference: When Mitch sees an old flame walk onto the beach, he says, "Of all the beaches in all the world, she has to walk onto mine."]
- Times Mitch says, "It wasn't your fault" or other comforting words: 1.17
- Times female lifeguards shown driving a truck: .33
- New Age-type references: .83

\* Average per show

## Twin Peaks

# The Man with the Golden Jugs

The dangers of pesticides

Some prospects, no matter how remote, are too terrible to contemplate: the death of a parent, nuclear conflict, Republican control of both the White House and the Congress. To this list add the stomach-churning condition of chemically induced gynecomastia, better known as "man-tits." This once mercifully rare bloating of the male breast afflicts a growing number of modern men, and seems to be a result of exposure to common pollutants.

Scientists have fingered environmental estrogens as the culprit. These synthetic hormones, contained in certain pesticides and in an abundance of other common chemical compounds, are considered responsible for, among other freakish phenomena, the hermaphroditic fish swimming in London's sewers and the shrunken phalluses of American alligators in Florida's Lake Apopka. At wildly high exposures, the nefarious compounds may also be capable of planting boobs on a grown man.

"If these compounds are having an effect in the wild and on laboratory rodents, then they may in fact have an influence on human beings," says Louis

Guillette, Ph.D., a zoology professor and reproductive endocrinologist at the University of Florida, who studied the alligators.

And the damage may not end with a D-cup. In Taiwan, for example, 118 boys with unnaturally small penises were born to women who consumed rice oil contaminated with pesticides. In Denmark another study found that organic farmers had across-the-board superior reproductive health, including dramatically higher sperm counts, compared with their nonorganically farming neighbors.

But no one can see your sperm count, and even worse, you can't always tell when you've been exposed. Consider the tale of a Massachusetts mortician who discovered that he and his wife, already parents, were unable to conceive another child. His swollen nipples, tender breasts, and shrunken testes mystified doctors until they looked more closely at his work routine. Turns out the rubbing salve he used to make corpses plump and life-like was chock-full of estrogen. After a few months of regularly using gloves, the newly fertile mortician was able to turn in his halter top.

Granted, most of us will never face such high levels of any one pesticide. But before you get too smug that your rippling pecs will be spared because you don't rub weird sauce on dead people, chew on this: unknown synergies may exist between certain pesticides commonly used on your fruits and veggies. In combination, their effect may be explosively multiplied, Tittie Boy.

—David U. Andrews

## THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

*capture the essence of what happened and to express that accurately?*

Again, I don't think I can answer the question any better than I have....

*Was it your intention in...relating an event or a meeting to capture and express accurately the substance of what took place at that meeting or event?*

Well, it would depend on my mood, the day, the thoughts, the pressure. But...I might relate a conversation that did not take place on a subject that did not take place.

*...You appeared to recognize as early as 1989 that your diary was a reliable reference...., did you not, Senator?*

...Sometimes it's accurate. Sometimes it's inaccurate. Sometimes it's fact. Sometimes it's fiction. It is not a reliable document....

*How does one tell which parts are accurate and which parts are not?*

I have no idea....

*Why would you have thought it was a reliable source...?*

I've already indicated that if somebody else has a different view of something that appears in here, I'd be inclined to defer to how they heard it rather than I heard it. Am I going to say this diary is always accurate? It clearly is not always accurate. Am I going to say it's always inaccurate? It is clearly not always inaccurate....If I were to look up something and find it, would I say, "Boy, that's it! That must be exactly it!" No....

*Would you say today what you said [in 1989], ...that the diary is better testimony than your present recollection?*

Not necessarily.

Fortunately for Packwood, now when his memory gets hazy, he can count on the report of the Ethics Committee to remind him of



# Happy Trailers Upwardly Mobile

**T**hey are the arbiters of style in the homes and offices of America's most prestigious addresses. They travel the world locating the obscure artifacts, ornate antique furniture, and objets d'art that best represent their artistic vision. Question is, would they ever be interested in decorating the mundane interior of a mobile home in a New Jersey trailer park? For the right price, of course they would!

Charlotte Peters Interior Designer Referrals:

**SPY:** *I have a mobile home that I'd like decorated and designed. Would you have any designers who might want to work on such a project? I'm looking for Modern-Deco with attention paid to lines and soft, muted colors.*

**Charlotte Schoenfeld:** Interesting. I have to tell you quite honestly we've never done a mobile home.

*Well, no other homes in the park have ever had a designer, so this is very special for us.*

And you'd like to have a very special job done?

Yes.

Do you have any of the furniture, any Deco pieces?

*No. We have furniture purchased from a local store—from Caldor.*

Uh-huh. So basically you're really looking to do the entire project in terms of finishes as well. Are there appliances?

*Uh, we have just basic Caldor appliances.*

Would you like to upgrade?

*Yes, we would.*

So you would like this to turn into something really quite special.

*Yes, we would.*

What kind of budget do we have on this?

*Actually, the budget is open-ended—I'm a recent lottery winner in New Jersey. People say, why not buy a home? But I really don't want to do that, because I'm not an ostentatious person.*

This project becomes more and more fabulous as we speak!

*Well, thank you. I want to stay true to my roots by keeping the mobile home.*

That's very nice. What number can we reach you at and at what time is best?

*Right now, I don't have a phone. There's a pay phone shared by the folks here; they'll just come knocking for me. Designwise, did you have any ideas that came to mind? I like lines. Lines are good.*

There are quite a few people that I'm thinking of—this one man especially, who specializes in deco. I'm going to speak with them, I'm going to try to reach them today.

*Well, I have a lot of time on my hands. I'll probably just be sitting out front in my rocker.*

Mario Buatta

**Mario Buatta:** Tell me about what your house is like.

**SPY:** *I have a space that is...well, right now it's twelve feet by sixty feet and I'm going to be expanding it. It's a mobile home, so I'm going to purchase an additional mobile home to connect with it, making it a double-wide.*

Would you like to do it all in an English country style?

*That would be nice.*

Okay. That sounds nice. You're serious now, you're not kidding me. You sound like one of my friends trying to pull my leg.

*I'm absolutely serious. It is in a trailer facility.*

I frankly have never done a uh, trailer-type house. Can you send me pictures?

*Surely, I'm a lottery winner in New Jersey and I want to stay true to where I'm living. A friend of mine who reads magazines says you're the best.*

I hope you won a lot.

*It was an unbelievable figure.*

Have you made out your will yet?

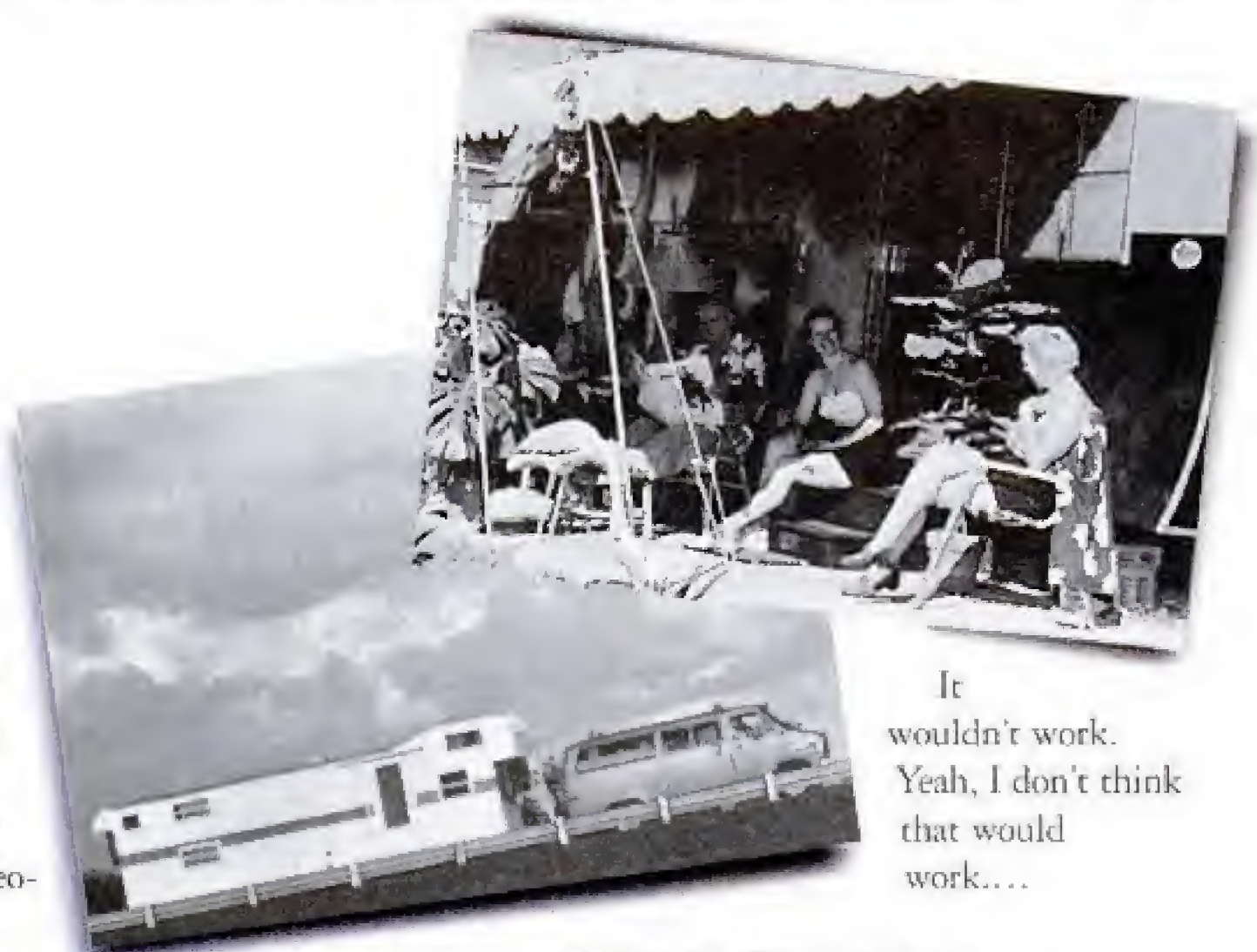
*Well yes, I changed the will.*

You have? Oh boy!

*Yes, everything is under control. Would you have any ideas off the top of your head? The inside is fairly raw; the outside I do not wish to alter—it is the basic metal motif. Stylewise, you said English, old English? Country?*

*Well...*

*Uh, I guess that keeping with the environment would be a little difficult.*



It wouldn't work. Yeah, I don't think that would work....

Richard Keith Langham

**SPY:** *My property is in New Jersey—a mobile home. I like that you enjoy working with the color Venetian red. My wife and I are very big fans of that color.*

**Richard Keith Langham:** Mmmm.

*I wanted to know if you had any ideas of what could be done with a space such as this.*

Well, um, it's really impossible. Uh—a mobile home?

Yes.

(silence)

*In East Brunswick, New Jersey.*

(Clears throat.) Um, well, I mean, I don't know. I don't just spout off ideas over the telephone. I don't know if you are really serious about....(pause)

*I am. The home is in a trailer park, and I want to do something special with the inside. I'm a lottery winner, and instead of buying a home, I'd like to do what I can colorwise, line-wise, expressionwise with the interior.*

Uh-huh. Would you come into New York to set up an appointment?

*Yes, my driver could take me into New York. I just had one more question about another color—a greenish honeydew.*

Would that go with the red or would the entire interior have to be in the honeydew?

(Pause, laughs.) Well, no, I don't think the two would go together.

*I also noticed that you've worked for Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.*

Yes.

*I have a beautiful painting of her that I'd like to work in with the interior.*

(long pause) Oh, really?

*Yes. It's possible I could take it out and put it somewhere else, in the back or something, if it didn't quite blend with the rest of the inside.*

—Barry Zeger



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## Separated at Birth?



Jason Alexander...



...and Itzhak Perlman?



Tori Spelling...



...and Dinah Shore?



Sylvester Stallone...



...and Grant Shaud?



Reggie Miller...



...and Armin Shimerman?



David Lauren...



...and Oscar Wilde?

## The New Math

# Louis, Louis, Louis, Louis...

Farrakhan's fun with numbers

**D**oes Minister Louis Farrakhan think his days are numbered? Well, yes—in a sense. During a rambling, two-hour-plus address to those assembled on the Mall for the Million Man March, the minister followed a centuries-dead convention of prophetic speeches—namely, the explication of numerological secrets:

*"There in the middle of this mall is the Washington Monument, 555 feet high. But if we put a 1 in front of that 555 feet, we get 1555, the year that our first fathers landed on the shores of Jamestown, Virginia, as slaves.*

*In the background is the Jefferson and Lincoln Memorial. Each one of these monuments is 19 feet high. Abraham Lincoln, the 16th president, Thomas Jefferson, the 3rd president, and 16 and 3 make 19 again. What is so deep about this number 19? Why are we standing on the Capitol steps today? That number 19, when you have a 9, you have a womb that is pregnant, and when you have a 1 standing by the 9, it means that there's something secret that has to be unfolded..."*

Okay—so slaves didn't arrive here until 1619. That's nitpicking. But craving more information about this intriguing conundrum, SPY turned to a few young media analysts to tear aside the remaining shrouds of mystery clinging to this labyrinthine riddle.

Michael Krantz, *MediaWeek*

It's as easy as 1,2,3:

1) Nine, for Farrakhan, represents pregnancy. The fetus can be thought of in this context as the square root of the mother; in other words, 3.

2) How many numerological examples did the Minister offer? 2. How many monuments did he cite? Again, 2.

3) Okay. Take a deep breath. What are 3 and 2? 32. What was O.J.'s pro football number? 32. O.J. is the trapped fetus—the preborn soul—who, by renounc-

ing his individualism—his "onedom," in the Minister's parlance—is born anew, a free man, by accepting his racial identity. Farrakhan's numerological analysis was an oblique explanation of how gathering his people there, in the shadow of these monuments to American liberty, was in fact a celebration of Brother Simpson's newfound freedom....

Jeff Hansen, *Xmagazine*

It's clear to me that Farrakhan is padding his word count. At risk of repeating myself, I would also like to remind Mr. Farrakhan that the Washington Monument no longer stands 555 feet high; since 1984 the Monument has been slowly sinking at a rate of 5 inches per year. This, of course, means that the monument will be totally underground in the year 3317. Mark your calendars.

Steve Bodow, *Condé Nast Online*

Minister Farrakhan might also have mentioned the insidious fragrance Chanel No. 19, breakfast favorite Product 19, devil-pop mantra "19th Nervous Breakdown," devil-adult-contemporary mantra "Hey 19," and the fact that, even though everyone knows this to be the 20th century, every single year of the past 10 decades has been known as 19-something-or-other. The thin veil of conspiracy is drawn even tighter when one considers that the twentieth year of the twentieth century was called, boldly, 1919. What I'm trying to say is that it's the Freemasons who got us into this awful mess.

—Sam Pratt



# A Spy Book Review

of Burt Ward's new book, *Boy Wonder: My Life in Tights*

# BOY WONDER

I COULDN'T KEEP IT IN MY PANTS  
AND I CAN'T STOP TALKING ABOUT IT



MICHAEL DOUGAN

BY BURT WARD



LOTS OF HAS-BEEN CELEBRITIES WRITE CHEAP TELL-ALL BOOKS. WHY NOT ME?

I CAN FINALLY TELL AMERICA THE TRUTH...

I HAVE A REALLY HUGE PENIS!

MORE JUICY PARTS!



"I WAS BORN BURT JOHN GERVIS, JR., BUT IN GRADE SCHOOL MY ENERGETIC NATURE CAUSED MY MOTHER TO NICKNAME ME 'SPARKY'... I BECAME A PROFESSIONAL ICE SKATER AT AGE TWO."

AW, SCREW THIS CHILDHOOD STUFF, LET'S GET RIGHT TO THE SMUT!

"MY CRIMEFIGHTING PARTNER WAS A CONSUMMATE EXPERT... THOUSANDS OF YOUNG WOMEN WERE INSEMINATED WITH BATSPERM... OUR ULTIMATE AUTOGRAPH... BIZARRE WERE THE FEW WHO WEREN'T SATISFIED WITH CONVENTIONAL SEX. THEY WANTED PENETRATION IN EVERY ONE OF THEIR BODILY ORIFICES."



My TEACHER

"I SAT ON THE EDGE OF THE BED, WAITING..."

I'M YOURS, BOY WONDER...

TAKE ME!



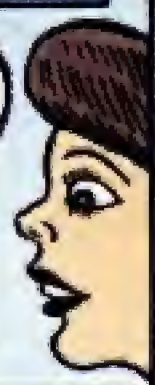
"SHE PACED HER BREATHING MORE SLOWLY, CONSCIOUSLY KEEPING HERSELF FOCUSED AND RELAXED AS HER BODY ACCOMMODATED MORE THAN IT WAS ACCUSTOMED TO, BOTH IN WIDTH AND LENGTH..."

BOFF!  
BONK  
PORK!

"MY BATTLE OF MY BULGE WAS BECOMING AN EVER BIGGER PROBLEM... THE PRODUCTION COMPANY'S HONCHOS DECIDED ENOUGH WAS ENOUGH..."

WHY DID YOU HANG YOUR JACKET ON MY DICK?

I'M SORRY, I THOUGHT IT WAS A COATRACK.



"...WITH GREAT SECRECY I WAS TAKEN TO A SPECIAL DOCTOR... HE WROTE A PRESCRIPTION."

HERE GOES.

I DON'T SEE WHAT THE BIG DEAL IS.



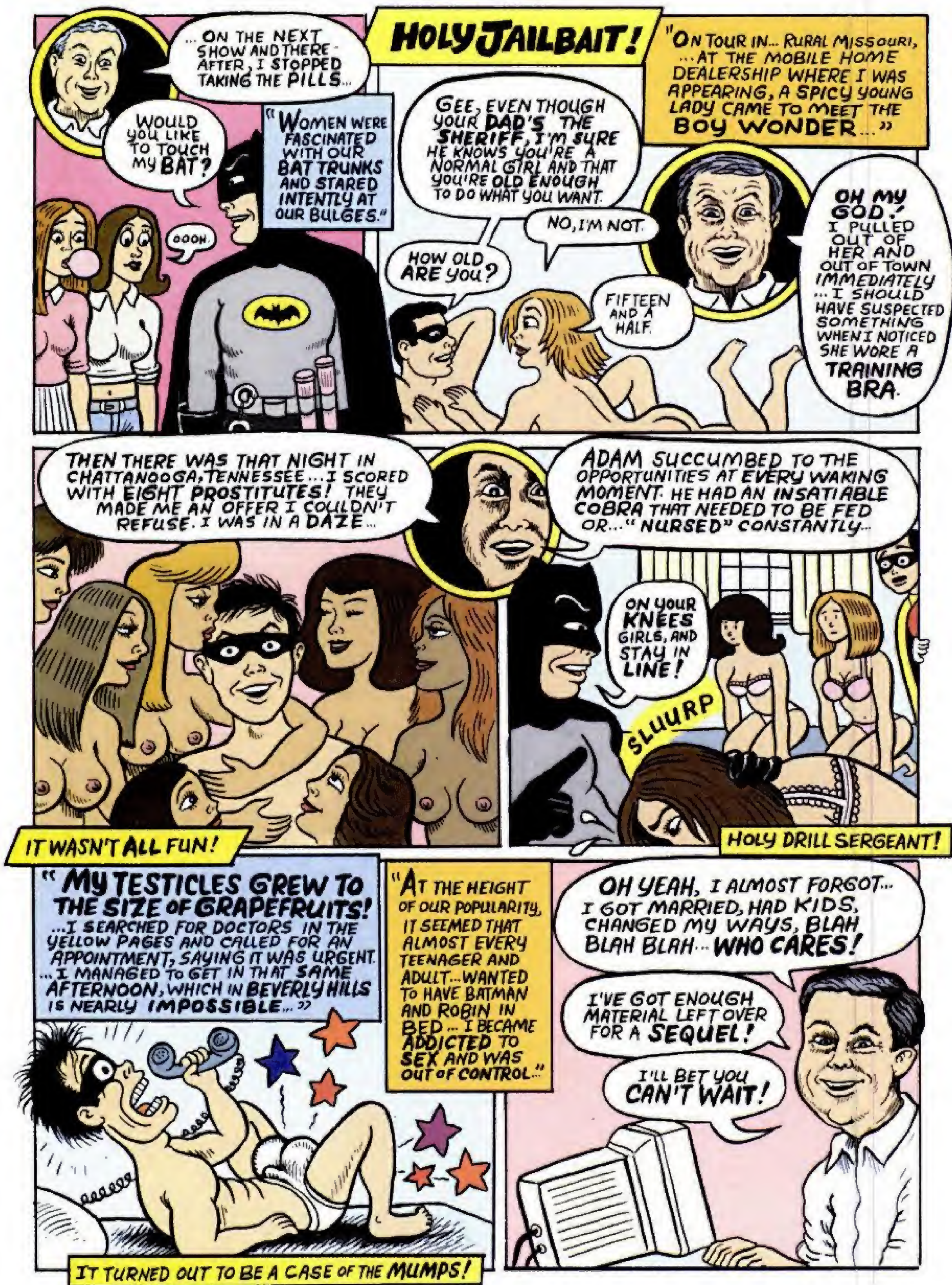
HOLY TROUSER-SNAKE BATMAN, I'M DICKLESS!

THEN I BEGAN TO WORRY... WHAT IF THIS STUFF HAD LASTING EFFECTS?



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE!







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# Detain Long and Prosper

That Feisty Huck Finn, that plucky Ragged Dick...we 'mericans

are spirited, resourceful creatures, yes we are, always finding a way to turn a debit into a profit, an apparent disability into a towering, muscular advantage.

WE NOT ONLY MAKE DO, we do well. Clarence Thomas, for example, is a Supreme Court Justice—for life. Michael Milken just helped to broker the Time Warner Turner deal, the biggest media merger in history.

Or take crime (please). To a less adaptable nation, having the highest incarceration rate in the Western world would feel like a black eye—a deep disgrace and a costly public burden. But since the Reagan administration somehow dissolved our national sense of shame and taught us to size up every institution as a possible profit center, imprisonment has also become one of America's hottest growth industries.

If your portfolio is in play, heads up: private prisons may be your next hot investment opportunity. In just 10 years, the number of inmates held in privately

owned-and-operated correctional facilities has jumped from 1,335 to 65,000. With 20 companies competing vigorously for prison contracts in 17 states, the projected growth rate for the rest of the decade is 35 percent. Apparently, the free market does understand restraint.

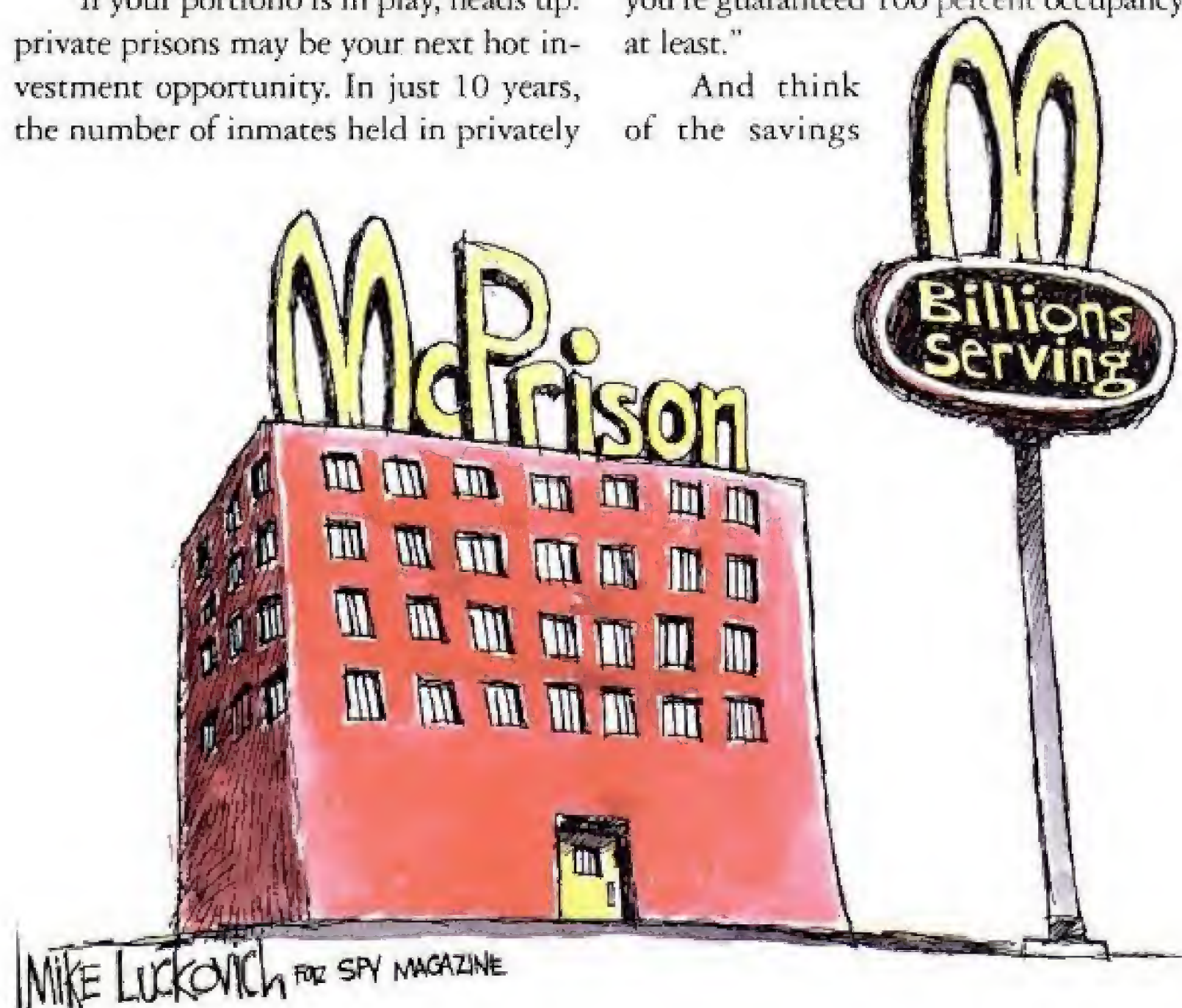
For the venture capitalists out there who still may feel a little eeksy, consider the reliability of this industry's customer base. At 1.5 million and counting, the prison population has tripled in the past two decades and is currently growing 13 times faster than the general population. As one frothing entrepreneur recently told the *New York Times*, private sector prisons are "the only real estate investment where you're guaranteed 100 percent occupancy, at least."

And think of the savings

potential: no customer satisfaction department, no free sample promotions, no Presidents' Day sales bonanzas. If the food sucks—good! That's how the public wants it. Lower the thermostat a few degrees; if anyone complains, just imagine the "Confinement, Inc." motto: *The customer can always be issued leg irons.* Dissatisfaction guaranteed.

TRUTH IS, ANY OLD bloke can lock a guy up and throw away the key; it's the fellow who can do it for a song who is going to stand out as the real pioneer of this nascent enterprise. Contracts are awarded largely based on cost-cutting guarantees, and the leaders in the field are all pushing the savings envelope in creative and unusual ways.

Let's say, for example, that an allegedly "necessary" item of clothing can be reclassified as "optional." Do women really need sanitary napkins? In an im-





migration detention facility they were running in Elizabeth, New Jersey, Esmor, one leading firm in the field, thought not.

Esmor virtually did away with standard medical notes on detainees and—in a bold standardization move that could have many repercussions on prison budgets and fashion—issued to female prisoners, each week, one clean pair of oversized men's underpants with a large question mark drawn on the crotch area. (There's nothing in the contract about humor, of course. That extra Esmor touch comes for free.)

THE TRULY CONFIDENT companies in this frontier business are rugged explorers, scouting uncharted territory for how far they may go. In that adventurous spirit, Esmor inventively applied the winner-take-all approach to dining in their Le Marquis halfway house in Manhattan, according to one former manager. Thirty meals would be served to 100 residents, and "whoever got there first got the food."

In the Elizabeth facility, money was also apparently saved on construction, as Immigration and Naturalization Service investigators noticed the absence of promised skylights and a curiously low—36 inches—privacy wall in the women's detention area. Thirty-six inches. That comes up almost to...*oh*.

The INS also noted that women's showers were visible from the corridor, and that, in a novel architectural plan, toilets were visible from the dining tables as well.

What's more, if you stay with Esmor, as the INS found, you are completely relieved of the burden of ownership: "Esmor personnel attempted to deport aliens without returning their funds, valuables, and property."

The real savings, though, come in shrewd labor decisions, since that's what accounts for 75 percent of federal Department of Corrections costs in the stodgy, old-fashioned, not-for-profit jails. At the recently opened Gadsden Correctional Institution in Tallahassee, Florida, which is run by U.S. Correction Corporation, independent monitors found that the promised staffing plan

had been quietly undercut by more than 10 percent when it came to actual hires.

"Security staff is extremely short-handed," the inspectors noted. "The monitor has had difficulty reconciling the original...with the current staffing plan."

U.S.C.C. would not open its salary records to the monitors (probably just bashful), but "salaries that the monitors became aware of are low and result in recruitment and retention problems." Not to mention competence—at inspection time, Gadsden had 89 uncertified officers working the grounds, and many of the guards were completely without identification.

THE LOW WAGE/POOR benefits package is apparently an industry-wide phenomenon. Wackenhut Corrections Corp., another leading firm, was offering to hire guards for another Florida prison at \$19,400, or about \$10 an hour, an advanced babysitting wage.

Qualified guards could be found for a salary bump of \$12,000—but that would wipe out much of the potential profits right there. And for that higher dollar figure, you tend to get the kind of people who take this guarding thing too seriously.

Esmor's New Jersey center, before it was finally shut down by the INS, had the relaxed feel of a neighborhood café. One day, as INS assessors set off the metal detector at an entrance, "the guard assigned to monitor the device was at the coffee wagon outside the door." Another time, they noticed that nine of 17 guards at the facility had gone on break at the same time.


Coffee breaks are important, for sure. Let's just hope those low-energy guards aren't also snacking on the corporate prison chow. "The chili served had so much seasoning," reported the Gadsden monitors, "it could not be eaten."

Subedible grub: part of the relaxed, low-key atmosphere, or another shrewd cost-cutting measure? Either way, it's a smart move in this private prison business: *The customer can always starve.*

—David Shenk


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## Queen Gets Bird

YOU MAY HAVE HEARD THAT ELIZABETH II, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, Head of the Commonwealth and Defender of the Faith, was hit by a grouse. By most accounts, she had it coming.

Her Majesty was struck so hard on the shoulder that her collarbone was almost broken and she was said to be dazed, confused, and shocked. The grouse—since deceased—did not issue a statement.

Of course, the grousing of my sovereign might have been an assassination attempt of the most elemental sort, similar to the loony who dive-bombed Bill Clinton on the White House lawn. Royals have been killing grouse for centuries, so perhaps it was time for the worm to turn.

THE GROUSE (*Galliformes tetraonidae*), a scruffy fowl that inhabits the moors of Yorkshire and the hillsides of the Scottish Highlands, is a favorite target of British hunters. It is actually small, fast, and hard to hit. (I, for example, am an extremely bad shot. My grouse count would leave even St. Francis of Assisi's countenance serene and unrepachable.)

Nonetheless, the British dynasty and our upper classes—with the assistance of the sort of cheap hired help necessary to build empires and hunt grouse—have gaily massacred millions of grouse over the centuries. None has shot more than the Windsors, especially during the days of kings Edward VII and

George V, when the art of breeding grouse reached the highest realm of imperial magnificence.

Let me set you the scene on the royal grouse-moor, home to that delightful British tradition that mixes majesty, sex,

row of hunters—dubbed guns—either walk across the moor toward the birds or else wait for them in hides (called boots), with twelve-bore shotguns at the ready. The guns, usually men, wear tweeds, plus fours, deerstalkers, and bulging bandoliers of shells. Next to each gun stands a beautiful, noble-browed spaniel or Labrador retriever, called a gundog. If a gun is very rich, he will hire a "loader," but usually the loader is his son.

Behind the line stand the women, dressed in raincoats called huskies and sipping brandy or mulled wine to stave off the chill. Often there are gorgeous blonde, blue-eyed, outdoor temptresses, exquisite and yet roughly dressed, long legs hidden under corduroy skirts, boots covered in mud. They stand there and watch in unreconstructed prefeminist admiration for the elemental ritual of a man with a red-hot double-barreled smoking gun

showing his skill, precision, and sport.

Nowadays, these "girls" are often feminist American investment bankers, Argentine heiresses, or what we call FSR (former Soviet Republic) babes. The latter are very popular with young lairds these days: They are so icily beautiful and so ambitious, so brazen, and so fearless, with cheekbones like scimitars.



and death. The local lords (whom the Scots call lairds, just to be awkward) set loose their gamekeepers (called ghillies, to be more awkward still) and local men (called beaters, for blessedly obvious reasons) to walk across the moors beating the woods with their hefty cudgels. The grouse flee from the din, onward and upward into firing range of the "line." This



These women may shoot too, if they want to and know how. (And surely there is nothing so erotic, so proud, and so delightful as a woman with a gun.) But out there, the basic instinct of men, sex, girls, the outdoors, adultery, and guns usually asserts itself. I myself have sinned in the forests, my shotgun cooling against a tree, ducking the diving grouse....

ACTUALLY, WE BRITONS were only slightly amused by the grouse incident. Despite everything that has happened with our royals, we are still a nation of monarchists. Had the queen been harmed, even ordinary urban folk would have run into the streets to lynch any bird they could find—pigeon, parrot, or peregrine.

It's no use railing against grouse hunting as an imperialist blood sport, a well-heeled variant on cockfighting or dwarf-tossing. The occasional kamikaze, queen-hating, highland grouse aside, the birds don't mind it. They are a dying breed, rarely found in the wild, and would have long ago gone the way of the Empire were it not for the British desire to shoot them out of the sky. They depend completely on gamekeepers of lords—dukes, earls, and viscounts—to breed them with loving care, and, thanks to these tender ministrations, the grouse population is so large that Britain is a kingdom in which these fowl crash out of the sky almost daily.

I remember as a child having lunch in our country house when a pheasant (a juicier cousin of the grouse) crashed through the window and onto my father's plate. "Manna from heaven," he said, unruffled.

Even better: The other day a friend of mine was staying at Castle Howard, known to many as the setting for the PBS series "Brideshead Revisited." He went into to the kitchen in the morning to fry some eggs. While doing so, a grouse plunged through the window, hit him on the back of the head, and knocked him clean out. They found him later, lying on the floor beside a grouse and a frying pan.

He recovered.

The grouse? Delicious.

—Simon Sebag Montefiore

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# Inspiration or Perspiration?

ONE WAY TO BE A SUCCESS, now that you mention it, is to be inspired, and then do something really fabulous based on that inspiration. True, it's easier said than done.

But what isn't? Besides, having an inspiration isn't all that difficult. Truth is, we may be

visited by up to 15 or 20 inspirations a day! (The numbers are approximate; I made them up, because maybe I was inspired to.)

It may be that inspiration is like many other cataclysmic events once thought to be rare but now known to be far more common than once, uh, thought. We used to think earthquakes only happened when we had completely forgotten to worry about them, but now we "know" (meaning, we are told by someone) that small quakelets and after-shocks happen practically around the clock. And dreams, formerly considered an occasional psycho-cinematic special event, are now thought to be just another prime-time nightly routine.

And, after all, what is an inspiration, if not a combination earthquake and dream? I mean those nervy little hunches, those sudden galvanic insights, those clever-wever "concepts" that, if you're like me, usually take the form of stupid consumer items you decide, a sober moment later, nobody in their right mind would buy. But the country is full of people not in their right mind, eager and willing to buy anything and everything. If only they'd/you'd pursue their/your hunch, act on inspiration, and make it happen.

"But," the by-now-inspired reader will ask, "is that the same as following

your bliss?"—a smarty-pants reference to the late mythologist and scholar Joseph Campbell. I must say I have no idea. The last time I saw my bliss was in college. I was sitting on a bed, stoned, listening to the first side of "Liege and Lief" by Fairport Convention. My bliss stuck its head in the door:

*This is too passive. I'm outta here.*

"Come on," I protested. "This is great. Listen."

*It's terrific. But as your bliss, it is my duty to inform you that listening to records is*

*not enough. Are you coming?*

"I'll be right there."

It withdrew. I finished listening to the side, fell into a stupor, and reeled out into the night air three hours later. My bliss was gone. Naturally, I did what one does: I said, "Fuck it," and went out for a hoagie. I haven't seen it since.

I HAVE, THOUGH, been visited from time to time by inspiration. Who, for example, can forget that time inspiration came to me in my youth, firmly setting my feet on the path to wherever it is I've managed to stagger to today?

April, 1967: I'm in the shower. Suddenly, it is as though—note sudden use of exciting present tense! This is the "you-are-there" tone, not only of tedious foreign-language exercises (*Munich, 1934: John goes to the store... You go to the store... You and John go to the store...*), but also of historical documentaries and pretentious, self-aggrandizing narratives.

Newt Gingrich regales cyber-suzerain Esther Dyson with his intellectual development in just such a tone in the August issue of *Wired*. Compare and contrast Newt's "My dad's stationed in Orleans, France, from 1957 to 1958. In the spring we go to Verdun, and I decide that civilization is important and leadership matters. And in the



MURRAY KIBBER



fall of 1958, I begin reading..." with the generic TV-voice-over-speak: "September 27, 1939. Warsaw falls. On October 5, Hitler arrives in person to take possession of the defeated Poland. The next day he will fly to Berlin to boast publicly of the small number of German casualties taken in the campaign...."

(Heartening though it is to know Newt has decided that civilization is important, isn't it up to History—meaning, Walter Cronkite—to discuss past life in present verbs?)

So, April 1967: Ellis Weiner is in the shower. Suddenly, it is as though he were struck by a bolt of mental lightning. He is inspired to annex the Suderenland!

"Nah," he thinks. "Civilization is important. Leadership matters. Speaking of which: Jeez, the seniors are doing *Once Upon a Mattress* for *their* class play, but what about us juniors?"

He knows that the deadline for commencing such a project is sometime in the ensuing week. He starts, in his whimsical way, to sing the entire libretto from *The Mikado*. And then he stops, because he gets a little sliver of a notion. He sings a verse from *H.M.S. Pinafore*—but with the lyrics subtly altered from the original—and suddenly he has it!

He is—no other word will do—inspired.

Naked, dripping wet, he dries himself and puts on clothes and hurries to the (manual, portable) Royal McBee typewriter (0 mHz processor; 0 mg RAM). He proceeds—okay, I proceeded—to write a perfectly slovenly, amateurish romp combining a spoof of *Robin Hood* with “send-ups” of the more current TV commercials of the time. I presented it to fellow drama cliquiste Shelley Goldberg, whom all tacitly agreed would be the director if indeed there was one. She was thrilled. I was thrilled. We staged the show; everybody was in it, everybody else came, and lo, this first legit stage triumph of my writerly life unfolded as in an ecstatic dream, or an earthquake.

AND SO IT WAS THAT, during curtain call, when all were assembled under the blazing stage lights and bowing—

and waving, giggling, smirking, etc.—to the packed auditorium, Shelley called for quiet. She giddily recited an Oscar-acceptance-class list of persons she wished to thank publicly, without whom this show would never have happened. Ellis Weiner is standing there, beside her, acting disingenuously blasé prior to reveling in his moment of dazzling acclaim...when she forgets to mention him, thanks everyone for coming, bids all a fond good night, and cast, crew, audience, pit band, and custodial staff exit the venue.

Thus it is with inspiration. You can have it, know it, dig it, do it, and still wind up suffering the cruelest of disappointments. Likewise with success, which, of course, is never assured.

And yet, you must commit to that secret, urgent, radiant idea. You must have faith in yourself and give it your all—or at least your most, or whatever you have available without having to make special arrangements. You will not foresee what labor and resources will be required. But you must persevere, because you are inspired.

Besides, what's the worst that can happen? You destroy your health, waste your finances, devastate the lives of those around you, and eventually either die in miserable penury or forestall that fate by taking your own life?


Well, boo hoo hoo! Nobody said life was fair.

Actually, that's not true. A few people have said that life was fair, but it's hard to hear them over the din of everyone else saying, "Nothing succeeds like success." I frankly have never understood what that means, apart from the face-value tautology of it.

Then again, perhaps the purpose of a tautology is to be tautological. If so, and if nothing *does* succeed like success, what better way to attain nothing than by committing fully to every half-baked, boneheaded, self-deluded inspiration that manages to sprout in that mushroom cellar of your brain? You might as well. It's either that, or follow your bliss.

Oh, and if you choose the latter, ask your bliss, if it ever runs into my bliss, to tell my bliss it was right all along.

—Ellis Weiner



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“If you really want to enslave people, tell them that you’re going to give them total freedom.”

—L. Ron Hubbard

**I am an ex-drug addict** who has solicited prostitutes in my day.

I’ve also masturbated and inhaled at the same time, and I have been arrested more than once in my life. I dropped out of high school, and I’ve been under psychiatric care. Oh yeah, and I owe the IRS roughly six thousand dollars that they are well aware of.

In the language of Scientologists, the above information reflects what they include in their “Dead Agent Packs”—dossiers of all the dirt they dig up on people critical of their “religion.” Often they disseminate damaging information like this to the friends, family, landlords, and employers of anyone who dares speak ill of—or worse, publish—anything derogatory about the “church.” So what I’m doing here is Dead Agenting myself before we begin, beating them to the punch.

Recently I spent two weeks undergoing an initiation to Scientology for this magazine. My experiences constituted only the beginnings of the beginnings of what this cult is all about, but it was enough to leave me strung-out with fear, watching my back, and wondering where the next element of harassment was going to come from.

Scientologists don’t like it if you leave. Even if you leave quietly. There is a saying adherents fondly quote: “The way out is the way through.” Deep thoughts passed on by decade-dead megalomaniacal psychopath Lafayette Ronald Hubbard, in whose writings church followers find a labyrinth so complex, so full of elitist jargon and weird science that those trapped in it cannot see that the way out is the way through—the fucking door.

So, of course, I had to join...

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by Mark Ebner



Photography by Susan Werner



a Bridge?



## Day 1, Descent

**D**eep in the churning bowels of Hollywood, just off the Walk of Fame, I find my gateway to the promised "Bridge to Total Freedom"—the Los Angeles Dianetics Testing Center, where, *for free*, I can take the Personality Test and the Novis IQ Test.

"Is anything bothering you?" asks a fat, bespectacled, pock-marked dweeb named Richard.

"Yeah, Dick," I mutter, mentholated cigarette dangling from my lips. "I wanna quit smoking."

"Scientology can help you with that," assures Richard in scripted mantra, through what I'd soon understand to be the trademark Scientology sweat-on-the-upper-lip smirk. Richard then tries to sell me a paperback copy of *Dianetics*—the Scientologist's bible of "The Modern Science of Mental Health," written by Hubbard, the self-proclaimed source of all things Scientological. I balk on the book and get cracking on the testing instead.

The tests take an hour, during which Richard, a 20-year Scientology veteran, performs menial janitorial labor around the center. My results come in with a "very good," respectably high IQ of 130. My personality profile, however, falls deep into the "unacceptable state," with my rock-bottom scores indicating me as being heavily "depressed," "unstable," and "nervous," and with a near complete "lack of accord" thrown into the psychotic soup for good measure. Naturally, that measure would be my willingness to sign up for the Hubbard Dianetics Seminar at the low, low cost of \$125 (credit cards accepted). It is a bargain that nets me a beautiful, hard-bound copy of *Dianetics*, as well as a paint-by-numbers style workbook.

With assurance from Richard that "Scientology could help" repair my totally fucked-up personality, we shuttle over to the menacing, big, blue Hubbard Foundation. Along the way, Richard regales me with stock-in-trade anecdotes of how Scientology is responsible for the successes of Tom Cruise, John Travolta, Nicole Kidman, Kirstie Alley. Isaac Hayes even lives at the Celebrity Centre Manor Hotel, for crying out loud.

In a registration office at the Foundation I meet Ramaldo Flores—a slick, six-year veteran who, glancing at my low test scores, deems me "suicidal."

"Not to worry, though," he soothes. "You're in the right place, with the right technology."

Acting quickly, Ramaldo ushers me up one flight to a classroom where I meet my supervisor—a brutally clean-cut robot named Phil with that Scientology smirk tattooed on his sweaty upper lip. Turns out that Phil had "read *Dianetics* in the Navy about 20 years ago, and after taking time to understand every word, Scientology changed [my] life." Funny, he still looked like a sailor.

After devoting only five hours of my life to this cult, somehow I have already signed my name, address, and phone number to all kinds of seemingly irrelevant paperwork. Tomorrow, I am informed, my coursework will begin. In a collegiate daze, I amble out across the parking lot, noticing troops of zoned-out, militarily outfitted men and women marching around acres of Scientology real estate with a malevolent glare in their eyes as jarring as the afternoon sun.

Scientology may be one of the most dangerous and well-financed cults in existence. In less than five decades, it has crafted its own strange brand of mind-control techniques and cultivated a security and intelligence apparatus called the Office of Special Affairs (OSA), which now rivals those of numerous developed countries. Scientology also relies on the obedient labor of both grunt-level workers and the 3,000-plus elite staffers who work for what the cult calls its Sea Organization. These maggot legions actually dress in pseudo-seaman's garb, including dark blue suits adorned with ribbons and nautical lanyards, and hold ranks such as captain and ensign. This naval obsession stems from Hubbard himself, who was known as The Commodore. If you're already thinking "wacko," something on the far side of Captain Crunch, wait—it gets better.

**A**ccording to Scientology (and stemming directly from Hubbard's "vision"), 75 million years ago, an evil ruler named Xenu implanted "thetans," or spirits, in volcanoes on the planet Teegeack (known more recently as Earth). All humans are made up of these thetans, which are basically good but terribly misguided little buggers. The problem, you see, is that things called engrams, which come from early traumas, cause us spiritual pain and unhappiness. We all got 'em; we all gotta get rid of 'em.

So what do we do? Simple counseling sessions with something called an E-meter—a crude lie-detector-type device that Scientologists claim measures mental energy, locating and ridding you of troublesome engrams. Called auditing, this process isn't cheap. At rates that rise rapidly to \$1,000 an hour, you can become what's known as an Operating Thetan, or OT.

Still with me? Of course, Scientology doesn't stop there. Hubbard, in his deluded wisdom, devised ever more steps for the disenfranchised to progress through, including eight echelons of spiritual development, denoted as Operating Thetans I through VIII, along the "Bridge" to total bankruptcy. Costs in this progressive scheme can sometimes reach into six figures.



## Day 2, Confession

**C**razy. As I enter the Big Blue, I spot Richard smirking at me. Then Ramaldo slithers toward me, waving. A girl I recognize from the Testing Center acknowledges me, and some bizarre skin-and-bones structure with a name sounding like Kelp extends a hand, asking, "And you are...?"

"I'm Mark," I say.

"Ahh! Mark Ebner!" he exclaims. Now how in hell does Kelp know who I am? Could it have been those forms I signed? Hmmm...

Phil dispatches me down to a screening room to view videotapes on the life and times of L. Ron and the process of Dianetics auditing—whereby the bad, bad "reactive mind" is diminished toward the state of "clear"; where, as Hubbard would have it, we all function in the pleasurable state of using only our "analytic minds" to the utmost, free of all those silly, annoying engrams, or mental images of painful experiences.

Yawn. At this point, I'll take painful experiences for a ticket out of here, but...

Back with Phil, I must conjure up tales of my reactive mind at play and record them on a work sheet, then duly turn it over to him. Which of course means that my painful scenarios now become the property of Scientology, Inc., no doubt to be used against me later.

If you think about it, how clever in design is this "religion"? Only by confessing painful, personal information can you hope to be helped. At the same time, of course, you are divulging private facts about yourself to organizations connected with people who will have absolutely no qualms about using them against you should you cross them. The Commodore sailed a wacky ship, but the course he navigated seems ingenious at times.

## Day 3, By the Book

I finish my workbook assignments today in a roomful of old folks, foreigners, and children (who would be safer playing in traffic). Phil seems to enjoy reading my "painful experiences," but then, he gets a kick out of the E-meter, so go figure.

## Day 4, Prayer

I am supposed to start my auditing sessions today, but Phil thinks training drills are in order first. I learned the auditing techniques via workbook, so it is now up to me to practice this form of dressed-down hypnosis on a sailor-suited rag doll seated on a chair across from me. When I finish with the doll, I have to practice the procedure again with another "preclear," a sad sack named Rob.

Despite Scientology claims that it's not hypnosis, auditing assuredly mirrors the hypnotic induction therapy

I've received in the past. In 10 easy steps, the preclear runs through traumatic experiences in his or her life, repeating them aloud to the auditor again and again, until they reach a state of "cheerfulness" about them. How can this work? Try saying the word "ball" 50 times aloud, over and over, until it doesn't mean anything to you anymore.

During our session, Rob admits to me that he "really enjoys" these auditing experiences. Again and again, he insists on relating tales of the humiliation he felt as a fat kid on the baseball field. By this time I am praying only that I don't get paired off with a dork like him in future sessions. Prayer—that's the ticket, but they don't encourage that in this religion.

## Day 5, Reduction

**M**ore practice sessions. I am placed in an auditing room with a woman who cannot follow the simple, repetitive format of Step Six ("go back to the beginning of the incident and go through it again") as I recount the loss of a dog while in a "trance." Her misguided attempts at "reducing" the trauma of my incident fail so miserably that I finally just fake finding a place of cheerfulness and my session ends with a snap of her fingers.

Now I get to audit her, acting as though I were one of them. Almost immediately, the woman begins crying over an incident that happened in an airport or something; then later became nearly hysterical over a sister who pissed her entire family off by deciding she wanted to be a flight attendant.

Most counseling sessions involve some surrender of will. Likewise all religions. Where Scientology moves from dubious to dangerous is in the fierce possessiveness it shows for its members.

Is Scientology a cult? "I'd say so," says the outspoken Robert Vaughn Young, who ran Hubbard's public relations during his 20 years in Scientology. "One of the primary characteristics [of a cult] is something that excludes dialogue or any definitions outside of the parameters of its own system of information. Hubbard said it was a 'scientific method' that could be tested, but if you say you want to test his method, they consider you to be attacking."

The Creed of the Church of Scientology, written by Hubbard in 1954, states:

We of the Church believe...That all men have inalienable rights to think freely, to talk freely, to write freely their own opinions and to counter or utter or write upon the opinions of others.

However, explains Young, "if you were to write something saying Hubbard was a megalomaniac—well, see, the



thing is, now you are lying. You are free to utter upon the opinions of others, but you are not free to lie. So they would say, "This is a lie, therefore you are not free to utter it, and now I am going to sue you."

Scientology may litigate more, and more aggressively, than any religious outfit in the world. The OSA operatives harass people via a Fair Game Policy (which Scientologists claim they discontinued, but is alive and well), which licenses them to, in Hubbard's words, lie, trick, sue, and/or destroy anyone who has been declared "fair game."

After a *Time* cover story about Scientology ran in June 1991, the church not only sued the magazine for libel, it also sued former member Steven Fishman and his Florida psychiatrist for \$1 million each for "defamatory" comments they'd made that appeared in the article.

While the \$416 million suit against *Time* is pending, attorneys for Fishman came up with an ingenious way to fight back: at a Christmas party held at the Scientology Celebrity Centre, several celebrities—including Juliette Lewis, Kelly Preston, and Isaac Hayes—were subpoenaed for depositions to be given in the case. Not long after, Scientology lawyers dropped their suit. The *Time* case goes to trial in January.

Meanwhile, the church is doing legal battle with alienated former members who have been posting on the Internet copyrighted teachings and damning testimonials about the church's darker side. Young, always active on the hugely popular Internet newsgroup, *alt.religion.scientology*, predicts the Internet "is going to be to Scientology what Vietnam was to the United States....This will be their Waterloo in the end," says Young.

## Day 6, The Elect

**I** meet my new auditing "twin" today—Steve, another human skeleton. He seems nice enough, but because he is "farther along the Bridge" than I, he can only audit me rather than it being a mutual session. So...more subconscious subterfuge, at least until tomorrow.

With the afternoon free for me to be me, I decide to get away from the mind matter of Dianetics and explore the Scientology angle at—what better place—the Scientology Celebrity Centre.

Those who have the most freedom in the organization—enjoying comfort levels and privileges made possible by the cheap labor of grassroots members—are the celebrities of Scientology. The list runs from the obvious to the truly absurd in personality. The humorless Tom Cruise, workout buddy of Scientology chairman David Miscavige, cuts the perfect Rondroid profile: humorless, elitist, defensive, basically emotionless, and angry. Cruise's past and present wives, Mimi Rogers and Nicole Kidman, are also Scientologists. Said to be beyond the level of OTIII, here is what Cruise has mastered off the set:

After achieving the state of "clear," joining the ranks of about 50,000 who came before, he is supposedly immune to illness and free of his reactive mind. As an advanced operating thetan (with his godlike abilities fully restored) he can now create life; he can create universes; he has cause over matter, energy, space, and time; and he is free of the bonds of the physical—functioning totally on the spiritual.

(Question: If Cruise is all that, then why couldn't he create a hit out of *Far and Away*? Just asking.)

Other high-profile celebrities with Scientology ties include Priscilla Presley and Lisa Marie Presley Jackson, Anne Archer, Sonny Bono, and Chick Corea. Some may find it an uneasy relationship. Scientology needs its celebrities—Hubbard called them Opinion Leaders—and will go to lengths to keep them in the fold. When the carrot doesn't suffice, Scientologists know where to find the stick.

In the suit against *Time* source Steve Fishman, Scientology's former head of security, André Tabayoyon, filed a 60-page deposition declaring that cult leaders keep special files on the stars that contain supposedly confidential information derived during auditing sessions. However, he went on, "the contents of such folders have been culled and used against people...[as they could be against] John Travolta [and others] should they ever attempt to leave the Scientology organization."

The deposition was submitted to the court as part of a dispute over who should pay costs after Scientology withdrew its suit. The Church of Scientology submitted its own declarations, denying the contents of the affidavit and attacking Tabayoyon's credibility and knowledge of events.

But sources interviewed by SPY confirm Tabayoyon's depiction of a dichotomous world at Scientology's security-obsessed camp in California, Gilman Hot Springs. He points to celebrities' receiving perks like an apartment with a \$150,000 gym and private chef; a Mercedes convertible, two motorcycles, and a motor home; and a \$200,000 celebrity-use-only tennis court.

**S**o celebs are given special treatment. So a couple hundred thou doesn't sound like a huge expenditure for an organization that is raking in untold millions annually. Except where do you think the money comes from? From legions of lost souls who go ahead and shell out every dime they can squeeze from their credit cards. Not only that, but who do you think does construction and upkeep on these celebrity digs? Yep, those same scrubs.



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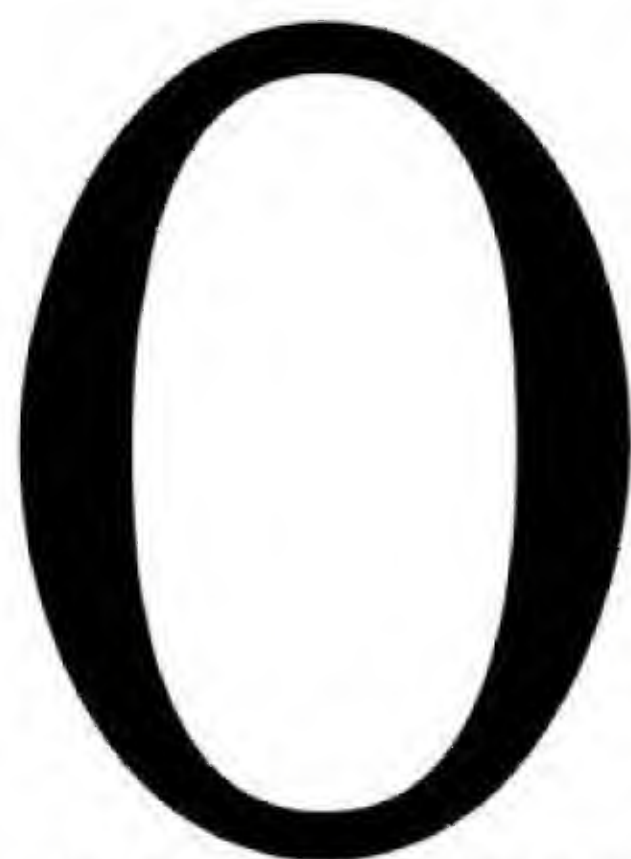


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n the other side of camps, like the one at Gilman, out-of-standing members toil in the Rehabilitation Project Force (RPF) to work off their Scientology sins. This practice of using labor as punishment—either for breaking the rules or failing to meet work quotas—is widespread in Scientology. Banishment into the RPF can last several

months, during which time members may not speak unless spoken to; must perform menial, often degrading tasks; subsist on a diet of rice and beans; endure terrible living conditions; and wear armbands denoting their lowly status.

Robert Vaughn Young served 14 months. "It's brutal simply because of the hard work you have to go through. There are people over 50 in there, 65 even—working for a few days around the clock, which we often did.

I suppose if I had been 25 and in the military I wouldn't have minded it so much physically. But, in fact, if you're working slow, you're admonished and undergo additional penalty even for the fact that you just can't do it. They would say, 'Don't give me excuses. Just make it go right.' For the life of me, I can't figure out why I was being driven to the edge, other than as a point of control."

Tabayoyon, in his sworn declaration, charges that RPFers at Gilman helped build apartment cottages for use by the likes of Cruise, Travolta, Alley, Edgar Winter, Priscilla Presley, and other Scientology celebrities.

Even more frightening is how Scientology has taken the industry of celebrity and pitted it against the entertainment business in an effort to influence public opinion. Last summer, for example, Presley Jackson called MTV and threatened to block its use of any of her husband's or father's work if it broadcast a negative segment on Scientology. MTV ran the story, but watered it down.

## Day 6 cont., Mammon

I drive up the stately entrance to the Celeb Centre and explore the well-manicured grounds, peek into the "two-star" restaurant, and maneuver to the bookstore, where I inquire about the Purification Rundown. After all, if I clear the body, the mind will follow, and hey, I did come here to quit smoking, didn't I?

The bookstore clerk with the fixed stare gladly escorts me through the mansion's ground floor to the registrar's office, where I am greeted with vichyssoise warmth by Rachelle Shay.

She offers a confusing explanation of the difference be-

tween Scientology and Dianetics (Scientology being the techno-spiritual realm, Dianetics the realm of the mind). Then she guides me through the Purification Rundown, a daily regimen of vitamins (the niacin, calcium, and magnesium cocktails), and oral shots of olive oil to loosen my fatty tissue, along with a program of running and sauna sweating, where it is suggested that I may experience acid flashbacks—sign me up!—and recurring "sunburns" manifesting the release of residual drugs and radiation from my system.

Rachelle hand-holds me as we pass through a vaguely comical underground "French" village, or what I would imagine as a downscale version of La Petite Monde at Euro Disney—complete with a tiny theater. The Purification area is like a small health club with—my god!—women and children lining up for potions and being escorted into saunas. Vichy, France, ring a bell? I'll take "Collaboration with the Nazis" for \$2,000, Alex.

Back upstairs, Rachelle encourages me to sign up for the Purif now. Total cost of the program, with discounts: \$1,790. Clear body, clear mind, clear spirit...clear bank account? The hard sell has begun.

I tell Rachelle that my savings are prudently reserved, not available for such an outlay of cash. No problem! She makes a play for my credit cards, but they too are maxed out. No problem! She simply gets on the hammer to a numbers guy named Nick, who instructs her on which of my cards will be easiest to get increases on, and she even dials my MasterCard 800 number for me.

Following instructions, my card turns gold, and—although I can use my new fortune now—I hang up and tell her I won't be receiving the new card for a week. No problem! She strongly suggests that I put the balance on my American Express card now, and pay it off later, with my newly established credit line.

Still, I resist. Let's wait a week, darling, okay? Okay—in the meantime she'll set up a physical exam for me. My doctor? Nope, definitely a Scientologist physician. Forty bucks? Okay, I'll bite. Been awhile since my last physical anyway.

## Day 9, Angel

At the rundown Angel Medical Center, I'm greeted by a starry-eyed Anju Mathur, M.D. She seems professionally delighted that I am going to do the Purif. Given my drug history, she insists I take an AIDS test as well as a liver panel. You see, she explains, I will be sweating in a sauna with other Scientologists, and she would not want to endanger them with the risk of exposure because, "Sweat is a bodily fluid." I wince as she thrusts a syringe into my arm that will leave a bruise for weeks.



Call a Scientology organization and ask what it can do for, say, asthma. A phone call to one of its outfits got a promise of a "guaranteed" cure for the ailment based on L. Ron Hubbard's "asthma rundown." Registrars will promise you a life free of illness and psychological maladies. The promises, like almost everything else, sound scripted.

A recently disaffected Scientologist (and established entertainer) confides: "I was brainwashed from the second I walked in because of the way they insisted I'd get better and successful, and my stomach problems would be healed. While spending nearly \$35,000 on auditing, I was constantly sick, and never got well."

**F**inally, she met someone who talked to her for hours and taught her that Scientology was a scam, that the tech does not work and that Hubbard was not God. She underwent a minideprogramming, and she learned the expensive trade secrets in the upper levels of the bridge were science-fiction garbage. She was coached on how to get her money back, and after protracted efforts, Scientology reimbursed her in full to avoid publicity problems.

She's one of the lucky ones.

Another woman, call her Marge (most who leave the cult fear further harassment if they speak out against their experiences, and so prefer to remain anonymous), got roped in by way of her job. Her boss's hard sell, coupled with the articulation of the nobility of all goals Scientological—"You are trying to go free, you are fighting the biggest fight of your life"—almost cost her her health and her sanity.

"Well, I got routed onto the Purification," explains Marge. "I have never done drugs in my life, yet I was on the Purif for almost five months. It was a nightmare beyond my wildest imagination."

During her time on the Purification Rundown ("sweating out toxins" in a sauna), Marge suffered panic attacks, dizziness, and nausea. One day, she was found blue-lipped on the waiting room floor, hemorrhaging. Instead of taking her blood pressure or calling an ambulance or even a doctor, they explained away her bleeding as "restimulation" from radiation she had absorbed from ultrasound testing she'd had years before.

They attributed her panic to "a really bad event" she went through "a long time ago." She was remanded to the program, and when she finally snuck off to a noncult doctor, she was diagnosed with heatstroke and anemia.

Hubbard's tech, policy, and doctrines are never wrong. Anything adversely affecting the physical or mental health of a Scientologist gets hung on that individual as something that either happened to her in the past, or as something she brought on herself.

Priscilla Coates, volunteer chairwoman of the L.A. branch of the nonprofit Cult Awareness Network, calls this

common cult tactic "doctrine over person," meaning that doctrine never fails, only people do. "Hubbard wrote the manual of justice that still applies," she explains.

## Day 10, Transformation

Intense sessions with Steve today. All my past misery and suffering reduce to a chuckle. I even threw in a tale of adolescent cross-dressing just to make him feel useful. With that final purge, I break for a snack at the canteen, where they sell black T-shirts with slogans like Psychiatry Kills.

Later, I am whisked to an examiner's office, where I finally get my hands on the cans of the fabled E-meter. First I have to write an essay about my experience, or "wins," with the seminar. I whip off a page about my increased awareness of the Reactive Mind and the need to eradicate it. A false-smiling fat lady with piercing blue eyes hands me a couple of tin cans alligator-clipped to wires attached to the E-meter.

She takes notes on my readings on the meter and on my answers to her perfunctory questions, repeating "Your needle is floating; that's a good sign." Then she abruptly stops, signs me off on a few more documents for my dossier, and routes me back to the classroom, where I am introduced as a graduate of the Hubbard Dianetics Seminar.

## Day 11, Release

**M**y last day at the Hubbard Foundation. I meet with registrar Joe Bueno. Joe is a clear veteran of Scientology, rated OTV, or an Operating Thetan privy to the most hideous of Hubbard's science fiction secrets.

His commission-prompted plan is for me to stick with the Dianetics side of things: do my Purif there at the Dianetics Center (\$2,000) and proceed on the Professional Dianetics Auditing Route, starting with a course valued at \$300. Okay, counting prior expenses, if I continue on with this horseshit, I'd be in for close to \$3,000 without even getting within bile-spitting distance of the tens-of-thousands-of-dollars state of clear. Later, Joe. Much later.

In the weeks after I walked from Scientology, my phone rang all day with calls from various registrars trying to get me involved again. My personal physician has since explained the pricey Purification Rundown as "utter bullshit, pie-in-the-sky stuff that is far from being physically sound. In fact, it could be dangerous—especially the niacin intake, which can cause...liver damage, especially to a liver as susceptible as yours."

I'm also smoking more than ever now, but that's okay. Fact is, many Scientologists smoke, emulating their late chain-smoking source of their apparent sickness, L. Ron Hubbard.



**P**erhaps the most alarming aspect of this cult, brutal tactics and financial pressure aside, is its recent attempts to go mainstream. Through fronts, such as the Way to Happiness Foundation and Applied Scholastics, Scientology has targeted the classroom as a means to disseminate its literature in a get-'em-while-they're-young drive.

Other dubious organizations with ties to Scientology include the ironically named Citizen's Commission on Human Rights, the Concerned Businessmen's Association of America, and HealthMed—all of which spread the word of Hubbard.

The city of Shreveport, Louisiana, for example, paid eighty grand to send about a 20 firefighters through Scientology's chemical detox program before an independent consultant labeled the regimen "quackery."

For hundreds of thousands of dollars and year upon year of brainwashing, you get secrets and revelatory experience tantamount to the understanding of a bad episode of *Star Trek*. Except, that's not it. Out of Scientology since 1989, Robert Vaughn Young likens his two decades in to a bad trip:

"There's a policy letter that Hubbard wrote where he just says, literally, 'If you have the tech and use it, it will protect you.' This is as close to the human shaman as you can get. You can't be harmed. This creates...alters a state of mind so that your judgment becomes so bizarre that suddenly you believe you're invincible. You're immortal, you're invincible, Hubbard is not wrong.

"Well, at that point, it's an incredible state that's been created, that one day you will wake from and say, 'Oh, my God. It was all wrong.'"

**D**espite Scientology's well-masked attempts to infiltrate mainstream institutions and thereby create more devotees to its dangerous and nutty cause, Scientologists are losing ground on some critical fronts. Recently the church paid out the biggest libel award in Canadian history for defaming an opposing lawyer.

Church lawyers are having some success putting the clamps on those who criticize Scientology and divulge its hokum online, but the word about Hubbard's game has already been downloaded onto the hard drives of millions. Scientology's leaders have long flown the flag of

First Amendment freedoms to promulgate their views; now they want to cudgel into silence those wired critics who try to do the same.

I attended one last Scientology function, called Auditor's Day '95, which, in short, resembled a Nuremberg rally for the '90s. No brown shirts present *per se*, but the lockstep uniformity of 5,000 Scientologists packing the Shrine Auditorium applauding to a slide projection of Herr Hubbard sent a chill up my spine as cold as the one I felt when I saw those children lining up for liquids at the Purification Center.

While waiting for the event to begin, I stood with a couple of Scientology women who asked a weasely OSA operative named Lazar what his office was responsible for. "We beat up Suppressive Persons," he said jokingly through the trademark smirk.

**N**o doubt, after this article, I will be declared an SP, and I'm certain my Dead Agent Pack will be disseminated. This does not frighten me. Heck, lie and tell the world I am gay or announce that my AIDS test

came up positive. You no doubt hold the threat of revealing sexual orientation over the heads of more than the odd celebrity to keep them from defecting.

I've seen your Dead Agent packets. Nice job you've done slandering Priscilla Coates of the Cult Awareness Network, an altruistic housewife with two parking tickets on her record. Lemme see...what about the Dead Agent pack of lies you created about ex-high ranking Sea-Org Scientologist Hana Whitfield? Your libelous reportage in the ironically titled org-speak rag *Freedom Magazine* falsely accused her of murdering her father. Your tactlessness in publishing and disseminating alleged photos of his dead body was also a sweet move in the name of religion.

As I ponder that creep Lazar's offensive joke about Suppressive People, I am considering challenging Chairman David Miscavige to a fist fight but why bother? He won't show up, for fear of getting served with a subpoena. Keep hiding, sailor boy, and don't forget to look both ways when you try to cross the information superhighway. And by all means, duck, as the cult of greed that Hubbard built, and you usurped, comes crashing down upon you. ☾



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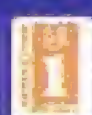
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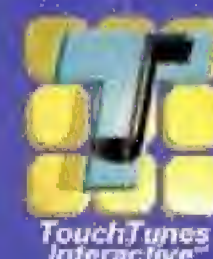


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# The S



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have crawled back into the limelight  
And more annoying, alarming

*Halle*

*By Alex Gregory*

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# by 100



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, and appalling than ever.

ajah!

by Peter Huyck





## MISDEEDS:

- Awarded the Forum Club's "Comeback of the Decade" and invited to speak at the club's annual luncheon in front of 250 "bigwigs," including Claudia Cohen, Lee Iacocca, and George Steinbrenner.
- When Trump found out that the proposed location for the luncheon, the Union League Club, does not allow the press to attend its events, he asked that the fête be moved to another location.
- Filed suit against New York State that temporarily delayed the introduction of the Quick Draw Lottery—a game similar to his casinos' Keno game—by claiming that Quick Draw "is the most addictive form of gambling, providing instant, on-the-spot gratification, encouraging the gambler to stay and play."
- Called Quick Draw "a video crack deal."
- Ever the altruist, Trump also warned: "People won't be paying rent. They won't be buying cars, food, or clothing. The big problem will be that your welfare rolls will go up. There may be some overflow with my casinos, but the big loser will be the state."
- Trump—whose military service doesn't extend beyond his teenage years at the New York Military Academy—was selected to lead the largest Veterans Day parade in New York's history after he donated over \$100,000 to the parade. Quoth Trump: "Marching with the military, politicians, and the president will be a lot of fun!"
- Called Rep. Jerrold Nadler fat

Puffy-faced. Tired. Broke, divorced, and yachtless. People had written him off as a relic of the '80s. And then something happened. People started taking his calls. Deals were being closed. Buildings were being built. A bigger yacht. A blonder wife. The Donald has returned!

and stupid after he vowed to block Trump's proposed rerouting of the West Side Highway.

- After Nadler successfully got Congress to block federal funding to move the highway, Trump announced that he never wanted the road moved anyway and crowed, "Jerry Nadler fell right into my trap."
- Later claimed he had called Nadler fat out of concern for his health: "I did it for a reason. I really feel that whatever can inspire him to go out and lose that tremendous amount of



weight should be done. To be honest with you, he's a walking time bomb, and if I can convince him to put himself, not in great shape, but in reasonable shape, I'm doing a great service to him and his family."
- On his proposed "masterpiece" of urban renewal, which features a park with a highway over it: "So there's a highway over it. So what?"
- Appeared in a Pizza Hut commercial with Ivana, for which he was paid \$1 million.
- After Ivana bought a 105-foot yacht, The Donald told the *National Enquirer* that he had commissioned architects to design a 420-foot leviathan that would "certainly outdo Ivana's little boat."
- On fellow vulgarian Steinbrenner: "Anything George asks me to do, I'll do it. George is one of the city's

most underappreciated assets."
- Tried to break Leona Helmsley's management contract with the Empire State Building by filing a \$100 million lawsuit charging that the Helmsleys have let the building become "second rate" and "rodent infested."
- The Helmsleys filed a countersuit, accusing Trump of extortion and orchestrating the conspiracy "with a shadowy Japanese businessman rumored to be affiliated with organized crime in Japan."
- The businessman in question is Hideki Yokoi, a hotel owner serving a three-year

# Dear God,

prison term stemming from a Tokyo hotel fire in which 33 people lost their lives. Yokoi had not installed adequate fire/safety precautions.

- Called Mar-a-Lago's previous owner Dina Merrill's renovation "not worthy of the name Mar-a-Lago. She did a few rooms and they were the worst."
- Auctioned off the mansion's furniture, including two Louis XIV gilded commodes: "This is the way you sell art."
- Finagled an op-ed piece in the *New York Times* entitled: "What My Ego Wants, My Ego Gets."
- "I have many friends who go into transactions that are not ego-driven. The deals are usually not very exciting, have no glamour, flair, or style and, when it is time to sell, seldom attract a wide range of buyers."
- Calls his ghastly new glass-and-steel penis substitute,





The Trump International Hotel and Tower "one of the most beautiful buildings ever to be undertaken in our great city of New York." • "I have made far more money by allowing my ego to rule my instincts than I ever would have by figuring the bottom line alone." • "Anyone doing deals must have the basic prerequisites of intelligence, instinct, and savvy, but in my case, I willingly add 'ego.'"

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

- Wants to build a new stadium for the Yankees on the West Side of Manhattan: "If the people who run the city cut the red tape and some of the strict environmental considerations, this thing could get done." • Lost control of Central Park's Wollman Rink to two former hot dog vendors, George and Tom Makkos.



Rankings for the SPY 100 were precisely calculated by the official SPY Computer™, a 600-mhz, 2-million gigabyte mainframe that occupies an entire floor of SPY headquarters. The factors fed into the computer were the subjects' inherent loathsomeness, media saturation, hubris, misdeeds, mitigating factors, cubic density, and smell. Inherent loathsomeness for '95 is determined on a scale of 1 to 100, with 1 being dental plaque and 100 being O.J. Simpson.

his anti-Semitic lyrics to Diane Sawyer on *PrimeTime Live*: "I could never be racist. I love all races of

the MTV music awards, where he did a tired medley of hits, including "Billie Jean" and "Beat It," punctuating the act with some hearty crotch-grabbing. The medley was accompanied by a chorus of prepubescent boys. • Threw a temper tantrum when Lisa Marie's 2-year-old son pulled off his wig. When Lisa Marie admonished him, he stormed out and took a jet to Paris with two young boys whom he was taken on trips before. The boys stayed in the hotel room with Jackson and accompanied him to Euro Disney. • Rekindled his once-forbidden relationship with small-as-a-boy-but-old-enough-to-be-legal Emmanuel Lewis, who accompanied Jackson to New York to film a music video. Cuddly

people, from Arabs to Jews to, like I said before, blacks....My accountants and lawyers are Jewish. My three best friends are Jewish. David Geffen. Jeffrey Katzenberg. Steven Spielberg. Mike Milken. These are all friends of mine. I was raised in a Jewish community." • Asked Princess Di to be with him for his *PrimeTime Live* interview to commiserate about the tabloids and talked to the British Embassy in Washington about being knighted by the Queen for "his work with little children" on *PrimeTime Live*. • The air-conditioning remained on throughout the interview, causing an unusual noise in the background. Veteran soundmen say the it couldn't be shut off because the lights on Jackson were so hot that his thick pancake makeup and lipstick would have melted and his false eyelashes would have come off. • Wore a clip-on tie to

Emmanuel stayed with Jacko in his trailer, occasionally sitting on his knee, as the two giggled like schoolboys.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS

- Sony executives had hoped to sell 20 million copies of "HIStory," but the album has so far sold abysmally, moving 5 million copies to date.

### 3. Pocahontas MISDEEDS:

- Perverted history by turning a fat 12 year old—who was kidnapped and dragged off to England and who may have been raped by John Smith—into a miniskirted 18-year-old sexpot who seduces the kind-hearted, fair-haired explorer. • Robert Eaglestaff, principal of the American Indian Heritage school, on the film's political correctness: "It's like trying to teach about the Holocaust and putting in a nice story about Anne Frank falling in love with a German officer." • Lyrics from the song "Savages": What can you expect from filthy little heathens/Their whole disgusting race is like a curse/Their skin's a hellish red/They're only good when they are dead. • In order to prepare for the invite-only premiere of the "environmentalist" cartoon, Disney chopped down trees and burned 24,000 gallons of gasoline to run the electronics. • It was the largest collection of Port-O-Sans ever amassed in Central Park: 309. • Billed by Disney flacks as "the

# He's Back!

## 2. Michael Jackson

### MISDEEDS:

- Released album "HIStory," a collection of Lizaesque new songs and greatest hits, with \$30 million publicity blitz. • In a four-minute, \$4 million trailer for the album, shown in movie theaters nationwide, Jackson, dressed in a Mussolini-meets-Buck-Rogers costume, leads a parade of goose-stepping soldiers while thousands of children hysterically cheer Der Wacko. The video concludes with the crowd cheering the unveiling of a 100-foot tall statue of Jackson. • In the song "They Don't Care About Us," he slammed the boy who sued him for molestation, the boy's father, and his lawyer, who are all Jewish, with the refrain: "Jew me, sue me, everybody do me / Kick me, Kike me, don't you black or white me." • Defended



when you thought it was safe to go back in the theater, Hollywood's leading ladies strap on the tassels.





Jerry Hall's Thierry Mugler Dress, made of satin and crystal, reportedly weighed 150 pounds—more than her emaciated rocker husband, Mick “Gramps” Jagger.

family Woodstock of the 90's.”

#### MITIGATING FACTORS

•It drizzled during the day of the premiere. • Eisner & Co. donated six figures to the Central Park Conservatory.

### 5. Them Clintons

#### MISDEEDS:

•Bill told a group of business executives that he had raised taxes “too much” in his first budget, outraging Democrats who had backed the budget, then flip-flopped the next day, saying, he was “very, very proud of what I did.” He later blamed fatigue for his inability to tell the truth. • Family man Bill Clinton to journalist Sarah McClendon, on the possibility of his resignation over Whitewater: “Well, if you promise to run off with me, I might. But otherwise, I can’t think of any reason.” • In an effort to reconcile his half-assed “don’t ask, don’t tell” policy toward gays in the military, Clinton invited a delegation of gay elected officials to the White House, where they were greeted

by Secret Service agents wearing blue rubber gloves. • Hillary paraphrased her husband’s gay policy and her own policy toward Bill’s sex life in her advice to teens planning on having sex: “Don’t do it before you’re 21—and then don’t tell me about it.” Hillary’s staff declined to comment on whether Hillary waited until she

was 21.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•Having a President named Bubba.

### 6. The Rapist vs. The Pussy

(Tyson/McNeeley)

#### MISDEEDS:

•Prior to the bout, Tyson skipped a candlelight vigil for abused black women and went clothes shopping instead. • Convicted killer Don King on suggestions that McNeeley was picked to be a fall guy: “The Irish Hurricane from Boston is a menacing leprechaun that will be dancing from glen to glen, and all the Irish chaps will be singing Irish lullabies when this thing is over. Oh, Danny Boy.” • McNeeley’s preflight poetry: “I’m

Peter McNeeley, from Medfield, Mass. On Saturday night, I’m going to kick Mike Tyson’s ass.” • After his poem was greeted with titters from the crowd, McNeeley pouted: “Keep laughing...real funny, huh? If any of you had to climb into the ring with Mike Tyson, you’d have a big dump in your pants.” • As Tyson entered

the preflight weigh-in, McNeeley stepped in front of him and said, “Where are you going? I’m comin’ at ya!” • One of Tyson’s camp kept yelling, “It’s guerilla warfare,” to which McNeeley responded, “Well, if it’s gorilla warfare, I’ll send you a bunch of bananas.” • On the scale, McNeeley, clad only in tighty-whities, raised his arms and roared unintelligibly. • McNeeley on the authenticity of his overconfidence: “Why don’t you get me on a polygraph? Whaddaya think, I’m lying? What am I, here to amuse you?” • The *New York Post* predicted the fight would last 90 seconds; McNeeley’s trainer, Vinnie Vecchione, stopped it after 89 seconds of world-class scrap-pin’. • The fighters left the arena to chants of “Bullshit! Bullshit!” • McNeeley on his swift exit: “Look at the films! I came to fight. I talked the talk and I walked the walk.” • McNeeley on Tyson: “He’s as strong as a frigging bull.” • Tyson’s \$25 million purse—for :89 of fighting—adds up to a salary of \$1.01 billion per hour.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•Donald Trump, Marla Maples, Michael Jackson, Madonna, Divine Brown, Jim Carrey, Neil Diamond, Tim Allen, Larry King,

and Robert Goulet all shelled out \$1,500 for seats at the fiasco.

### 8. Newty Toot Toot

#### MISDEEDS:

•On the differences between men and women in combat: “If ‘combat’ means living in a ditch, females have biological problems staying in a ditch for 30 days because they get infections and they don’t have the upper body strength. On the other hand, men are basically little piglets. You drop them in the ditch, they roll around in it, it doesn’t matter, you know. These things are very real.” •Hired, then fired House historian Christina Jeffrey, who had once objected to an educational program on the Holocaust because it did not include the perspectives of the Nazis and the KKK. Jeffrey’s assistant stated that Newt had full knowledge of her statements when he hired her. • Published inconceivably bad nov-



My First Talk Show. George & Alana, Tempestt Bledsoe, Carnie “Fatter Than Ricki Lake” Wilson, Lauren “Gap” Hutton, Danny Bonaduce, and Charles “Who?” Perez.



el, 1945, in which the Nazis win World War II. Most telling quote: James Mannheim Martel, the book's hero, swoons: "The Nazis may be crazy, but they sure can throw a parade." • Proposed "a tax credit for the poorest Americans to buy a laptop....We'll be able to say to the poorest child in America: 'The Internet is for you.'" Later, he called the laptop idea "nutty," and eventually called it "dumb." • Acknowledged that on a plane flight home from a bipartisan trip to Russia, the champion of "cyberpolitics" asked an aide to Democratic minority leader Dick Gephardt for help with his own new laptop: "I want to write something—can you set me up?" • Called high school "subsidized dating" and said it should last only two years. • Called for the abolition of allegedly left-wing public television, then held a \$50,000-a-head tax-deductible dinner to raise money for a conservative TV network. • His step-mother claims that during the Vietnam war, which Newt avoided with college and marriage deferments, the antiwelfare guru refused to get a job. He wrote her: "I do not want to go to work. I want all my time for my studies....So I wondered, would you people help me?" • Newt's former campaign treasurer, Kip Carter, said that Newt, the family values champion, had an ongoing extramarital affair with a campaign volunteer in 1974: "We'd have won...if we could have kept him out of the office, screwing her on the desk." • Anne Manning, one of Newt's former mistresses, said that the rotund Romeo prefers blow jobs because then he can say he never slept with her.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• Newt's wife, Marianne, has threatened to "undermine everything" if Newt seeks the presidency: "I don't want him to be

president, and I don't think he should be."

## 10. The Hugh Grant Incident

### MISDEEDS:

• Arrested and charged with public lewdness after police caught him receiving oral sex from hooker Divine Brown in his BMW, just 50 yards from the 7-Eleven where Joey Buttafuoco propositioned an L.A. vice cop posing as a prostitute. • According to Divine, Grant "began to make grunting noises and he said 'More, more. Oh, yes, yes, YES!' Then he started to get a little rough. He put his right hand under my skirt...he squeezed very hard...so hard that I cried out....I said, 'Honey, you can't be that rough.'" • Divine got \$160,000 from the British paper *The News of the World* for a tell-all interview. • Hours after pleading no contest to the charges,



## The Rock & Roll Hall of Fame. (What the hell is *she* doing there?)

Grant and big-titted girlfriend Liz Hurley showed up hand in hand for the premiere of his new movie, *Nine Months*. • Divine, who now wears a Rolex, claimed: "I'm bigger than O.J. Bigger than Clinton."

### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• Divine is not allowed to pay her fines in blow jobs.

## 11. The NRA

### MISDEEDS:

• Wayne LaPierre's infamous fundraising letter, in which he called federal agents "jack-booted thugs" who wear "Nazi bucket helmets and black storm trooper uniforms" was one of the organi-

zation's most successful efforts, generating over 900,000 responses and raising over \$1 million. • Newly appointed NRA board member Ted Nugent on President Bush's cancellation of his membership after the "thug" letter: "[Bush] can kiss my ass...I know for a fact that Ted Nugent Bowhunting members got George Bush—the former president's son—elected in Texas." • Sent convicted murderer Bernard Welch, who is serving a 143-year prison term, a membership card and letter which said: "[This card] says you're an honest, law abiding American." • During the Waco hearings fiasco—which White House spokesman Mike McCurry called "bought and paid for" by the NRA—an NRA consultant lied to a potential witness, telling



her that she was a member of the House Judiciary Committee. • Dun & Bradstreet gave the organization its lowest financial rating, in part because the NRA spent \$60 million more than it took in over the past several years. • LaPierre called gun control "the junk food of the crime-control movement. It's easy and cheap and it isn't good for you."

### MITIGATING FACTORS

• Lost well over 300,000 members in 1995 • Audited by the only scarier organization in America, the IRS.

## 13. Do Me Moore

### MISDEEDS:

• Became the highest-paid actress in the history of Hollywood, raking in \$12.5 million to shake her flubbery floppers in *Striptease*. • Cast her 7-year-old daughter Rumer as her on-screen daughter in the movie. "I felt it was something that was really going to give her the opportunity to understand what I do," she said. In the movie, the daughter spends a lot of time at the strip club and watches her mother dance naked. • Claimed that she determined how much greasy T&A she would shake on screen: "The decision was mine as to how far I would go...The optimum word for this movie is 'tease,' not 'strip!'" • Told friends: "I've got to show my goodies!" • Researched the film by watching a live sex show starring four sisters using various sex toys. Demi asked the performers "Does it feel good?" and made suggestions like "Try it like that." • Demi on why she needed to be naked for *Striptease*: "*Striptease* is a great political thriller, but it can't be done without some nudity. That's how Carl Hiaasen wrote it and this time we'll be faithful to the book." • After deciding to "be faithful" to the pulpy novel, Demi decided to star in and make major changes to Nathaniel Hawthorne's classic, *The Scarlet Letter*. "In truth, not very many people have read the book....the ultimate message of Hester Prynne would have been lost if we'd stayed with the original ending."

### MITIGATING FACTORS

• Michelle Pfeiffer and Jodie Foster's salaries jumped a million dollars the day after Demi's salary for *Striptease* was revealed.

## 14. Waterworld

### MISDEEDS:

• *Waterworld*, dubbed Fishtar and Kevin's Gate, was originally offered to Roger Corman's production company, who balked at the estimated \$5 million budget. The Costner version ended up costing \$175 million, or \$1.3 million per minute. • Costner had on 24-hour call: a white stretch limo, a personal valet, fitness



trainer, and personal chef. He also flew in a hypnotist when he got seasick. • A luxury yacht, chartered for over \$500,000, ferried Costner 400 yards (shore to set) every day. • Construction of the main set used up all of the steel in Hawaii—more than 1,000 tons, at a cost of \$5 million. • Before the main set was destroyed for the movie's finale, it was the largest floating structure in the world. • Costner on whether he's do it again: "I wouldn't go through this again for a billion zillion dollars."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• When Seagram acquired MCA from Matsushita, it assumed only \$12 million of the cost of the movie, sticking Matsushita with the remainder.

### 15. Farrakhan's March

#### MISDEEDS:

• In the largest mass march led by a frustrated-artist-turned-psychotic-anti-Semite since those fabulous rallies in 1930s Berlin, more than 400,000 black men gathered in Washington to lend their ears to bad violinist/minister Louis Farrakhan. • Farrakhan—who in March claimed that rich American Jews financed the Nazi holocaust—delivered the most bizarre speech in political history, including a diatribe on numerology (see p. 24), and the following advice for the Democratic Party: "The Democratic Party has for its symbol a donkey. The donkey stands for the unlearned masses of the people. But the Democratic Party can't call the masses no more. You got them all tied up, but you're not using them. The donkey's tied up. But can you get off today? No, I can't get off today, I'm tied up. Somebody on your donkey?" • He went on to compare himself to Einstein, Newton, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed. • Farrakhan claimed that Parks Department estimates of the march's turnout—400,000—were deliberately low, the result of "white supremacy."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS

• The march was snubbed by the NAACP, The National Urban League, Colin Powell, and everyone's favorite race-baiter, Johnnie Cochran. • This is the 10th issue of SPY, which was founded nine years ago....

### 16. Connie Chung vs. Dapper Dan MISDEEDS

• After coaxing Newt Gingrich's mom with the promise, "Just between you and me, what does he say about Hillary Clinton?" Chung couldn't resist airing her whispered *bitch*. • On the day when the Oklahoma City bomb went off, Dan Rather was in Texas, only 90 minutes away by plane. He called CBS execs three times to say he wanted to go to the scene, and that he had access to a private plane. Instead, they flew



*Central Park West.*  
Maybe Tori  
Spelling's fake  
breasts might perk  
up this snorer.  
Who ever thought  
New York's  
jet-set could be  
this slow?



in Chung—who once produced news specials like "Life in the Far Lane"—from Sacramento to cover the bombing. • After her condescending coverage of the bombing—where she arrived in a white limo—outraged locals, "Go home, Connie" T-shirts flooded Oklahoma City. • Hours after bashing Chung to reporters—"Two trips to the Mideast do not make you a foreign correspondent."—Rather smarmily told his TV audience: "I'd like to take this moment to wish my longtime friend and colleague Connie Chung good luck and Godspeed."

• According to Rather, he met Chung at a New York diner and told her to "read more—books, magazines—to be connected to the broadcast" and that he was surprised to see her go. According to another source, Rather told Chung to stick to reading the TelePrompTer. • Dan Rather on charges of sexism: "This has about as much to do with gender as mustard does with ice cream."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• The whole affair made Maury Povich seem quite dignified by comparison.

### 18. The Unabomber MISDEEDS:

• Killed timber industry lobbyist Gilbert Murray. • Jealous of the attention lavished on America's sweethearts Simpson & McVeigh, the fun-lovin' terrorist vowed to blow up an airplane over the July 4th weekend. • After receiving a sufficient ego boost, he giggled to the *New York Times* that the whole thing had been one silly joke: "Since the public has a short memory, we decided to play one last prank to remind them who we are." • Wrote a letter to the *New York Times* offering to stop bombing on the condition that a "nationally syndicated periodical" run his 35,000-word manifesto unedited. Bob Guccione immediately accepted. • He wrote *The Gooch* personally, declining his offer because he felt that *Penthouse* was an "entertainment" magazine. He also demanded further concessions from

the *Times*: publication of three successive annual updates. • At the request of Janet Reno and the FBI, the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* printed the manifesto, opening the door for all frustrated writers with a few pounds of explosives to get published.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• Anyone who publicly humiliates Bob Guccione can't be all bad.

### 19. Mike Ovitz MISDEEDS:

• While in negotiations with MCA to run the entertainment conglomerate, *Newsweek* published an all-holds-barred puff piece in which Ovitz coyly reassured his antsy agents, "The only thing that is for sure is that I love my life at CAA." • The rapacious dealmeister blew the MCA deal after his demands—including a chauffeured limousine on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week—proved too annoying for the Bronfmans. • After MCA sent Ovitz packing, Julia Ormond's favorite water boy triumphantly announced to his cheering minions that he was staying at CAA. Two months later, he left to become president of Disney, weeks after it had bought Capital Cities/ABC, making it the most powerful entertainment conglomerate on earth. • Not long after Ovitz's ego wedged itself into the number-two spot at Disney, rumors began circulating that the warmhearted ex-flesh peddler was boasting that the only reason that he joined Disney was that Eisner promised to step down in five years, and that his heart trouble would ensure that he kept his word.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• A month after the MCA deal fell apart, CAA president Ron Meyer sneaked out the back door and quietly took the job Ovitz had been wrangling for.

### 21. The Beijing Women's Conference

#### MISDEEDS:

• Chinese officials: 1) issued insect repellent to security guards so





## #20 Transvestites Go Mainstream. Nothing pumps up box office profits like carefully calculated outrageousness.

Japan." • Three militant vegetarian women protested the health and environmental hazards of fast food outside a Mc-Donald's restaurant in Beijing.

They stomped on

french fries; toppled and broke a Ronald McDonald statue while chanting "down with McDonald's"; and stuck a cheeseburger wrapper on the fallen statue's ass.

### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• Babes galore.

## 23. Bob "The Tongue" Packwood

### MISDEEDS:

• Tried to justify his philandering by explaining that he was a world-class drunk. When asked whether he denied making unwanted advances on 19 women, he said, "Some I do; some I don't. Some, I very honestly can't remember. In some cases, I was very frunkly so drunk that I cannot remember the evening." • Diary Entry: March 20, 1992, after 20 minutes in the hot tub: "I just blew my hair. I didn't use any gel on it at all. I just blew it until it was about dry, combed it, and if it didn't come out looking just right. It had just the right amount of

bounce to it, and wave to it. I came back rather confident. I now think we can beat a political opponent." • Described his harassment as "overeagerly kissing women." Seventeen women testified before the Senate ethics committee, describing his advances: "He stood on me and pulled my

celebration. When the flight attendants refused to serve him any more booze, Finneran went on a rampage, telling a male flight attendant he was going to "bust [his] ass," and throwing a female flight attendant into a chair." • The rampage reached its climax when Finneran climbed onto a service cart in first class, dropped

ponytail and pulled my head with it so he could kiss me....At the same time his right hand was trying to reach up under my skirt to pull off my panty girdle..." "It was a big yucky kiss with his tongue in my mouth..." "All I remember is slobbery..." • By resigning instead of being expelled, Packwood kept an \$89,000-a-year pension.

### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• His wife of 26 years divorced him, his children are estranged, and his fabulous hair is thinning.

## 24. Diarrhea of a Madman

### MISDEEDS:

• Gerard Finneran, a 58-year-old investment banking executive, began a drinking binge before getting on a 12-hour flight from Argentina to New York carrying the president of Portugal and other dignitaries on the way to the UN's 50-year cel-

lular pants and underwear, and did his best impression of a chocolate frozen yogurt dispenser. According to the complaint filed against him, "Finneran then used linen napkins as toilet paper and wiped his hands on various service counters and service implements used by the crew" and then "tracked feces throughout the aircraft."

### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• Finneran was more entertaining than an in-flight movie.

## 25. Shannon Faulkner, Fat Wimp

### MISDEEDS:

• After a 2½-year legal battle to gain admission to the all-male Citadel military college, Mama Cass look-alike Faulkner waddled into basic training 30 pounds overweight. • Her lawyers filed a gag order to prevent the school from publicly discussing her enormous gut, calling warnings about

Faulkner's fitness from the school physician "a smear campaign...the work of desperate, vindictive, angry men." • Collapsed from "heat exhaustion" on her first day while learning to march and salute. • Threw up Beefaroni at lunch, chicken soup at dinner, scrambled eggs at breakfast, and Gatorade at break time. • The rotund recruit spent nearly a week lounging around in the infirmary. (The male cadets who also suffered heat exhaustion were all released the same day.) • Less than a week after boasting,



The Wonderbutt. Last year it was breasts. This year, a dozen scientists put their minds together and produced a full inch of lift for saggy cheeks.





"I am in this until I graduate," the porcine cadet quit, weeping, "I don't think there's any dishonor in leaving. There's injustice in my staying and killing myself just for the political point."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• There's little hope her story will be made into a movie.

### 26. That's Strei-sand, Ya Schmuck!

#### MISDEEDS:

• With the help of a Foxwoods Casino dealer, who stacked a blackjack deck for her, the multimillionaire walked off with \$25 from the high-rolin' \$5 table. • According to *Streisand: Her Life*, James Spada's unauthorized 1995 biography, Streisand may have boinked Elvis Presley. • Introduced Martha Stewart to Cool Whip. • When a reporter addressed her as "Miss Streis-And," Babs angrily corrected her: "Strei-Sand! Why doesn't anyone pronounce my name right?" • During the network premiere of *The Prince of Tides*, the Democratic Diva called NBC and ordered an engineer to lower the volume during commercials by two decibels. • Told Larry King that an unfavorable 1991 *60 Minutes* profile still left her feeling like she had been "date raped." • Has been asking friends, "Should I buy the *New Republic*?"

#### MITIGATING FACTORS

• Streisand is no longer repre-

sented by Mike Ovitz. What better heroine (NPI) for the young women of America? If you were married to her, wouldn't you blow your brains out?

sented by Mike Ovitz.

### 28. Ron "Big Heart" Perelman

#### MISDEEDS:

• Sued by Fred L. Tepperman—Perelman's former CFO who had been instrumental in his amassing a \$4.5 billion fortune—for firing him in 1991 after he took a Christmas vacation to spend time with his wife, who was ill with Alzheimer's disease. • Perelman had charged that Tepperman "willfully failed to devote to his employer his entire time, energy, and skill." • Tepperman testified that Perelman demanded that he "get used to" his wife's Alzheimer's, "in the same way that if [his] office was painted brown and there was no white paint." • Perelman's lawyer shot back: "I didn't mention that Tepperman was living with his wife's nurse and had given her half the house in Boca Raton." Tepperman denies the charge.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• Perelman, who called Tepperman a "thief" who "fired himself" because he wanted to play golf, ended up paying Tepperman a \$10 million-plus settlement. • Perelman's ex-wife is now d'ating D'Amato.

### 29. On-Line Anything

#### MISDEEDS:

• In a craven effort to appear hip, celebs—including such cyber gurus as Garth Brooks, Alan Dershowitz, and Michael Jackson—have been fumbling with their PC's in wildly hyped online chat sessions, regardless of the fact that they end up "talking" to only a handful of pasty geeks. Case in point: Jay Leno's hugely popular online session attracted under 1,000 audience members—less than 1/1000th of his television audience. • The biggest event in cyberspace his-

working, God Bless him.

### 31. George

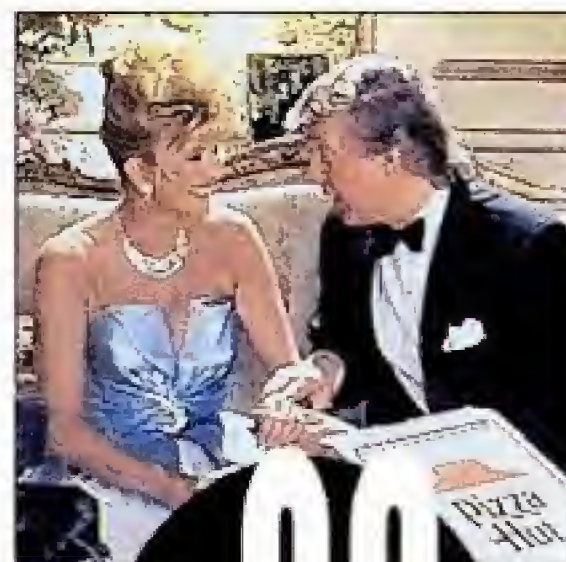
#### MISDEEDS:

• At the launch press conference, JFK Jr. addressed the issue of a non-partisan political magazine. "I realize that a Kennedy starting a nonpartisan political magazine is like Mark Fuhrman addressing an NAACP convention." • When a paparazzi tracked down John-John at his Tribeca apartment, the new editor sent a note down to the photographer asking that he not reveal his address. He mis-

tory is Sandra Bullock's America Online interview, which attracted a whopping 3,000 users.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• These are the people who keep William Shatner clothed, fed, and



### Cheese-In-Crust Pizza.

For those who feel the usual amount of fat and grease on a slice of pepperoni pizza just isn't enough.

spelled "address" as "adress." • John-John's only piece in the inaugural issue was an interview with an ailing George "Segregation today! Segregation tomorrow! Segregation forever!" Wallace, in which he asked Wallace if he thought there would be a black president in his lifetime. (There might not be another president in his lifetime, let alone a black one.) • He asked Wallace numerous upbeat questions: if he ever gets lonely; if he misses his dead wife; and if he's prepared to die.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• His unchanging Hasselhoff-inspired bouffant shows an admirable lack of vanity.

### 32. Sharon Stone, Miracle Worker

#### MISDEEDS:

• At a cancer benefit at the National Press Club, the sympathy-hungry Stone told the dumbfounded audience: "Four years ago I was told that I had cancer. I tested positive twice for lymph cancer. I had a lump in every area of my body... Very, very, very fortunately for me, with a lot of positive thinking and a lot of holistic healing.... I ended up testing negative for lymph cancer. But it took several months, and those months changed my life. One of the changes during that time is



that I stopped drinking coffee, and when I stopped coffee, 10 days later, I had no tumors in my lymph glands." • After a puzzled reporter later asked her to expound on her miracle cure, Stone admitted that she never had cancer in the first place, just swollen lymph glands, which have no known physiological reaction to coffee. • Stone's sleazeball flack, Cindi Berger, blamed the media for not checking out the original story. • When reporters explained that they had Stone's entire speech on videotape, Stone refused to talk. "She is not

collusion amongst team owners.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•Hey, it's only New Jersey.

### 35. Ralph Reed

#### MISDEEDS:

•Ralphie invited every single GOP presidential hopeful to the annual Christian Coalition conference except Sen. Arlen Specter, who is Jewish. • Led the Coalition on a nationwide series of seminars on how to win a seat on a school board. • One of the suggestions

Reeve, not only broke up his own family (wife and three children), but also that of his new bride (husband and two children). • To add insult to injury, Hawking's fiancée's husband had designed the voice synthesizer that allows the physicist to speak. "It destroyed my family," the jilted husband moaned. "Everything just fell apart." • A fellow physicist describes Hawking—who has a poster of Marilyn Monroe in his office—as an incorrigible flirt: "He's a party animal. He likes to dance in his wheelchair." • Observers debated whether it was Hawking's rugged good looks, his sexy electronic voice, his strong sense of familial loyalty, or his \$6 million bank account that attracted his young new wife.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

baptized by the gloating Rev. "Flip" Benham, leader of the terrorist group Operation Rescue, who said, "God has given Norma to us."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•Operation Rescue quickly lost interest in trumpeting McCorvey's conversion after she announced that she had no plans to renounce her lesbianism.

### 38. Cretin Tarantino

#### MISDEEDS:

•Inflicted his woefully bad acting—a hybrid of Steven Seagal and Don Knotts—on the moviegoing public in: *Destiny Turns on the Radio*, *Desperado*, *Four Rooms*, *From Dusk Till Dawn*, and Spike Lee's *Girl 6*. • To date, Tarantino has directed only two movies, yet three biographies ap-



The Dairy Miracle. Ecstatic Hindus the world over claimed that statues of a Hindu god were drinking milk. (Note the stream of milk dribbling down the chest.)

interested in setting the record straight," sniffed Berger.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•While Stone may not have lymphoma, we're pretty sure she's suffering from some sort of degenerative brain disease.

### 33. New Jersey Devils

#### MISDEEDS:

•One day before the parade to celebrate their winning the Stanley Cup, the Devils announced that they were terminating their lease in New Jersey and moving to Nashville—a big hockey town. • After Martin Brodeur, arguably the best goalie in the NHL, led his team to the championship, he was insulted with a three-year offer of \$5.2 million by Devil's owner John McMullen. (Mike Richter, goalie for the 1994 Stanley Cup winning NY Rangers, received a four-year deal for \$13 million plus bonuses) • Brodeur received no offers or even bites from any other team in the NHL, giving rise to rumors of

was to avoid confrontation: "Smile as much as you can." • Other tips included using Sunday School classes as a pool of potential campaign contributors and answering accusations of zealotry with a witty quip like, "As far as the teachers' union is concerned, everyone to the right of Karl Marx is radical right." And: "Don't wear your religion on your sleeve. You may be religious—but you must stay focused on school issues. Talk their language—they don't understand yours."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•Walked blindly into prank perpetrated by satirical magazine.

### 36. Stephen Hawking, Ladies' Man

#### MISDEEDS:

•Confined to a wheelchair by motor-neuron disease and only able to move two fingers, Hawking left his wife of 25 years to marry Elaine Mason, his private nurse since the mid-1980s. • The pint-size Romeo, an alluring combination of Jerry Lewis's Nutty Professor and Christopher

•Imagine what the little fella can do with those two fingers.

### 37. Roe Reversal

#### MISDEEDS:

•Norma McCorvey, the plaintiff in the landmark *Roe v. Wade* abortion case became a born-again Christian; quit her job at an abortion clinic; and announced, "I'm prolife. I think I've always been prolife. I just didn't know it." (Months earlier, the perennially "prolife" McCorvey had replied to an anonymous caller who denounced her clinic's "baby killing" with a heartfelt celebration of life: "Yes, would you like to come over here and watch us kill some? I tell you what, bring yours over here and we'll do them in, too.") • The gnomelike McCorvey claimed her revelation occurred when she saw empty swings at a playground: "I thought, 'Oh, my God, the playgrounds are empty because there's no children, because they've all been aborted.'" • Was

peared in 1995 alone. Tarantino on his oeuvre: "All these film festivals want me to go to their things, but they can't show a retrospective of my work, because I haven't done anything." • On the *Tonight* show, Tarantino gushed over David Hasselhoff—who called in to the studio—encouraging the *Baywatch* creator to start directing feature films. Der Hasselhoff replied, "Maybe we could do a show called Pulp Baywatch!" • Appeared on an episode of the disastrous Margaret Cho vehicle *All-American Girl* entitled "Pulp Sitcom." • Reportedly received \$350,000 for adding two lame jokes to the *Crimson Tide* script—one pop-culture reference to the Silver Surfer and another to *Star Trek*.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•David Lynch.

### 40. Farmer Sam

#### MISDEEDS:

•After making a career out of exposing government waste and fat-cat hypocrisy,







cut out her heart and lungs; skewered them on a wooden stake; and planted them in their backyard. Police arrived at the scene to find a bloody pair of pants and the couple's

**Hacker Movies. Didn't this tired genre die out with *War Games*? Maybe *Strange Days*, *Virtuosity*, *Hackers*, and *The Net* will finally kill it.**

multimillionaire ABC attack dog Sam Donaldson admitted to collecting \$100,000 under the U.S. government's wool-and-mohair subsidy program for his sheep and angora goat ranch in New Mexico. • Donaldson was the third-largest recipient of wool-and-mohair money in Lincoln County, New Mexico, despite the fact that he lives in Virginia. • When the *Wall Street Journal* broke the story, the helmet-haired muckraker told his fellow reporters that he was "not available for comment." • After the Godfather of Congressional Ethics, Sen. Al D'Amato, mocked Donaldson on the Senate floor—"Sam, come out of hiding and give the money back."—Donaldson spoke to the press, calling the story "essentially correct," but denied that the ranch was a "tax-dodge" or a "hobby," despite the fact that it has never turned a profit. • In a zenlike defense of his actions, the \$2 million-a-year newsreader denounced the wool-and-mohair subsidies, but said he had no intention of returning the money. "You can argue for a change in a system and still be within the system."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• On D'Amato: "I regret that a member of the U.S. Senate felt compelled to denounce me. But if I was to be denounced, there is no one I would rather be denounced by than Sen. D'Amato."

#### 41. Overreacting MISDEEDS:

• After Chicago Cubs pitcher

Randy Myers gave up a two-run homer in the bottom of the eighth against the Astros, jeopardizing their shot at the National League Wild Card spot, enraged bond trader John Murray ran out onto the field and lunged at Myers, who knocked Murray down with one punch and pinned him. The assailant's brother claimed that shortly before the incident took place, Murray had remarked, "If he throws another home run, I'm going to run out there and give him what for." The Cubs ended up winning. • Carl Anthony Ditmars, a fervent Oakland Raiders fan, got into

unharmful 4-month-old daughter in the family car. "That is blood," Rosenthal told the police. "I had an argument. I overcooked the ziti."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• Maybe Paula Barbieri will shack up with Richard Rosenthal.

#### 43. The U.S. Military MISDEEDS:

• Allowed a shirtless Shawn Nelson, an unemployed plumber, to walk into a San Diego National Guard armory and pilfer a 63-ton M-60 tank, which he took on a neighborhood rampage, flattening cars and



Summer in the City.

**436 people dropped dead in Chicago alone during the July heat wave of '95. More than 700 died nationwide.**

a fight with San Diego Chargers fan Michael Burrows at Far Freddie's Bar in San Diego after Burrows told Ditmars that the Chargers could beat the Raiders. The fight ended when Ditmars bit off Burrows' right ear and spit it in his face. • After 41-year-old financial planner Richard Rosenthal's wife reprimanded him for burning a pan of ziti, he

telephone poles before being shot dead by police. Armory security were unable to explain how Nelson stole the tank. • The Air Force spent \$116,000 of taxpayer money to fly an empty 200-passenger C-141 from New Jersey to Naples, where it picked up General Joseph Ashy and his cat, and flew them to the general's home in Colorado. Had the gen-

eral and his feline companion waited one day, they could have flown commercially for \$650. • Months after President Clinton claimed that ending human rights abuses was a top priority of the U.S. military operation in Haiti, The U.S. Army court-martialed and discharged Captain Lawrence P. Rockwood after he left his post to investigate human rights violations in a Haitian prison.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• At least Shannon Faulkner isn't defending our country.

#### 44. Jeff Foxworthy MISDEEDS:

• The stand-up comic whose every joke begins "You know you're a redneck when..." made it big in '95, with a hit television show based on the same premise and an album based on the same premise. • Blue-collar hero Foxworthy grew up in suburban Atlanta, graduated from Georgia Tech and worked at IBM until he started his comedy act. • His "You Might Be a Redneck If..." CD is the best-selling comedy album of all time. • The CBS show, described by reviewers as "a torturous half-hour," premiered at #6. • "Jeff really is kind of like Seinfeld for the rest of the country," said producer Tom Anderson. • The white-trash hero claims that inspiration for his act was derived from comic soul mates like Bill Cosby, Flip Wilson and Richard Pryor.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• People who watch his show, buy his CD, or read his book get exactly what they deserve.

#### 45. The Terrible Tarangos MISDEEDS:

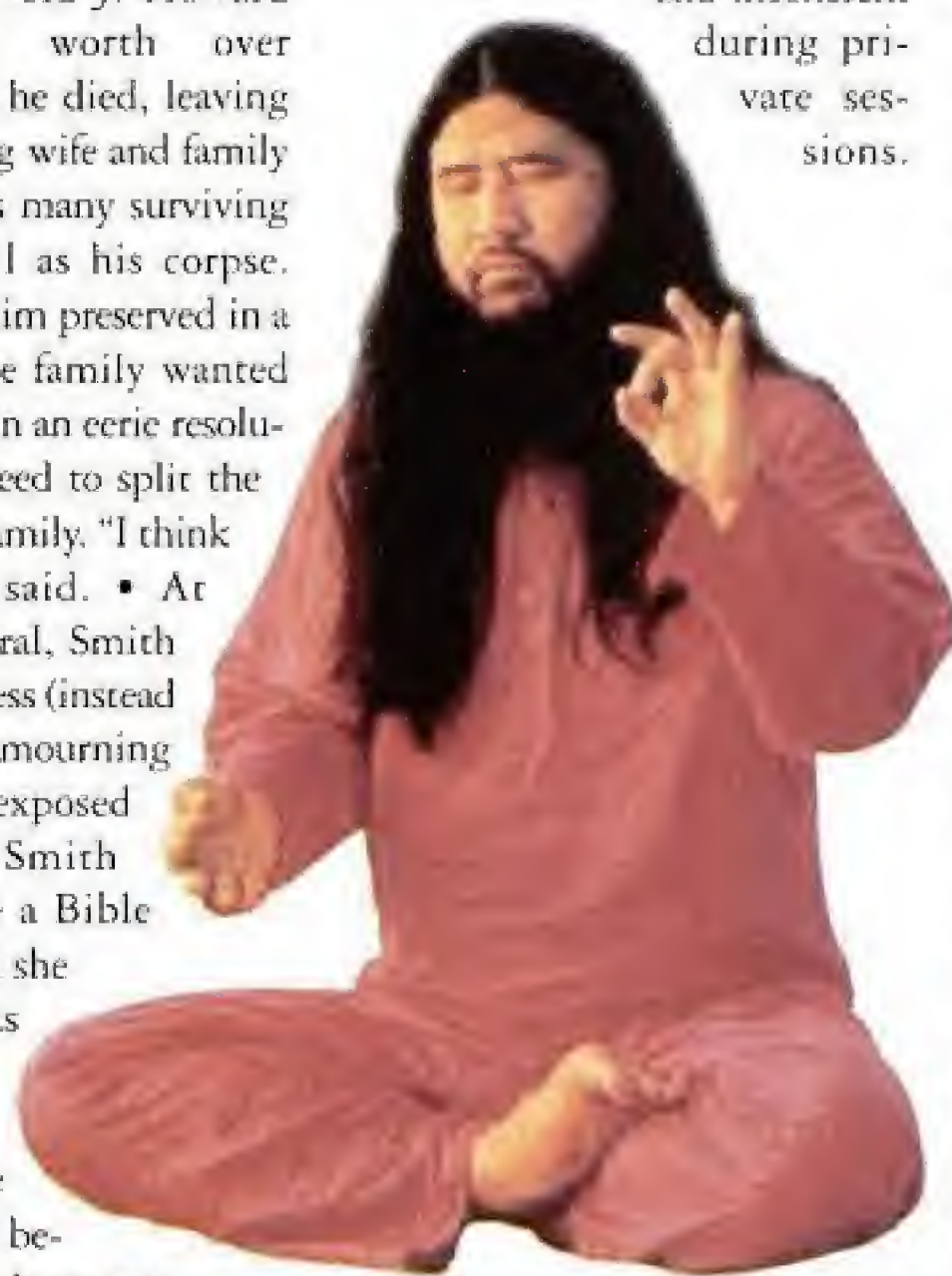
• Jeff Tarango, who dropped his shorts in Tokyo while losing to Michael Chang ("I lost my head, and my shorts came down, the gig was up") and elbowed a spectator after losing at the French Open, became the first player in the history of Wimbledon to walk off court in the middle of the match—which he was losing—



and forfeited. • After a number of unfavorable calls, Tarango began arguing with Bruno Rebeuh, the chair umpire. When the fans began to heckle him, Tarango yelled "Shut up," and was slapped with a verbal abuse warning. "Call the supervisor; I have a big beef," said Tarango, who wasn't referring to his manhood and refused to play on. • The Nastase wannabe accused Rebeuh of being "the most corrupt official in the game" and stormed off the court. • His wife, Benedicte, pinched Rebeuh's arm and slapped him twice on the face, later saying, "This guy deserves a lesson." • Jeff defended his wife: "Women are emotion-

• Fourteen months after the silicone-inflated 27-year-old Playmate married wheelchair-bound 89-year-old J. Howard Marshall II, worth over \$340,000,000, he died, leaving his gold-digging wife and family to feud over his many surviving dollars, as well as his corpse. Smith wanted him preserved in a mausoleum; the family wanted him cremated. In an eerie resolution, Smith agreed to split the ashes with the family. "I think it's fair," she said. • At Marshall's funeral, Smith wore a white dress (instead of the standard mourning black), which exposed her nipples. Smith tried to recite a Bible passage, but all she could read was "The swords of the just are in the hands of God" before breaking into tears. Smith then serenaded the mourners with an off-key rendi-

with Clinton in Canada, Secret Service agents claimed that Yeltsin was drunk, belligerent, and incoherent during private sessions.



Later, in front of TV cameras, he pawed Clinton and delivered a vi-

politicians look competent.

## 49. Ebola & Friends MISDEEDS:

• Months after the alarmist book *The Hot Zone* and the movie *Outbreak* fanned the flames of viral hysteria, an outbreak of Ebola occurred in Zaire, turning the internal organs of more than 90 people into blood pudding. • Attacks of other violently deadly pathogens, including Lassa Fever, Marburg, Sabia, and hanta virus—an airborne killer which spawns in rodents—have been recorded in Africa, South America, and the United States. • In addition to the deadly viruses that are being discovered, doctors have also been encountering new strains of antibiotic-resistant bacteria.

### MITIGATING FACTORS

• Ebola is so lethal—90 percent of its victims die—and so fast-moving—incubation takes two-21 days—that people who contract it usually become ill and die too quickly to transmit it to other people, making it unnecessary to ask romantic interests whether they have taken an Ebola test.

## 50. Porno Gramm MISDEEDS:

• The day after Gramm appeared at a Christian Coalition press conference to embrace its agenda, it was discovered that in 1973 he invested \$7,500 in a tit-flick to be called *Beauty Queens*, about a beauty pageant in which the contestants all sleep with the judges. • His former brother-in-law told *The New Republic* that Gramm was hot to invest after seeing enticing bare-breasted footage from an earlier film by the same director, *Truck Stop Women*. "It really got Phil titillated because there was frontal nudity in it—he thought it would be a way to make a lot of money," said the brother-in-law. • Claimed he didn't know anything about the movie, and thought he was investing in an R-rated spoof of beauty contests. • *Beauty Queens* was never made, so the money



**Alternative Religions. The Aum Shinrikyo cult unleashed a nerve gas attack on the Tokyo subway, killing 12 and injuring 5,500.**

al....She did what she felt was right.... As far as she is concerned, it's not uncommon at all in France....In France, you see congressmen spitting on each other, people taking gloves and slapping each other." • Tarango confused everybody by thanking John McEnroe and Pete Sampras, for "supporting" him. McEnroe was publicly critical of him, and Sampras said: "I didn't support him on what he did; really, it's pretty embarrassing."

### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• The balding athlete, who compensates for his thinning pate with overgrown sideburns, has yet to crack the top 50 in the rankings and was fined more than any player in the history of the sport.

## 47. Anna Nicole Smith, Heiress MISDEEDS:

tion of "Wind Beneath My Wings." One funeral home employee later remarked, "She wanted to take the coffin out to her ranch and set him up on the patio deck. I had to talk her out of it. I could just see him sliding into the swimming pool."

### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• Smith, a former Guess? model, has now been relegated to flaunting her ample flesh for Lane Bryant, the "large and lovely" women's wear retailer.

## 48. Boris Yeltsin, Atomic Drunk MISDEEDS:

• During Russia's worst hostage crisis in history—1,500 troops captured by the Chechens—Yeltsin left his subordinates to handle the situation while he was in Canada, attending the circus. • During the G7 summit meetings

olent speech in which he blathered about Chechen bandits in "black headbands." • While in the hospital for treatment of heart trouble, Yeltsin circulated a photograph to the press that showed him resting comfortably. The photo, however, turned out to be over three months old. • Yeltsin's apparel of choice is an effeminate 1990-style Ellesse turquoise-and-white tennis shirt. • His own wife has said publicly that she wants him to retire. • At a globally televised press conference, the world's second-most-powerful man slurred his speech; babbled in non-sequiturs; and tweaked the bra straps of two secretaries on the way to his seat. • In August, his approval rating in Russia fell to 4percent—equal to the opinion pollsters' margin of error.

### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• By comparison, American



went to anti-Nixon film *White House Madness*, with Gramm's okay. • The turtle-faced tit-lover also denied he knew the money financed the anti-Nixon film.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•Despite the company he keeps, Gramm is a leading proponent of interracial marriage.

## 52. Network Feeding Frenzy

#### MISDEEDS:

•Disney bought Capital Cities/ABC for \$18.8 billion, instantly forming the



Roseanne, Guest Editor. Tina Brown proudly announced that the crassest, craziest, and foulest actress on earth would be a "guest editor" for an issue of the *New Yorker*.

largest entertainment conglomerate in the world, including a major TV-news network, 11 TV stations, 21 radio stations, more than four cable networks, five movie studios, four theme parks, and numerous newspapers and magazines, and a hockey team, all under control of Michael Eisner, the man responsible for *Pocahontas*. (Where's Howard Beale when you need him?) • One day after Disney announced its acquisition plan, greedy and incompetent CBS chairman Larry "The Liquidator" Tisch announced that he had agreed to be bought out by Westinghouse for \$5.4 billion, to the horror of CBS employees. • Ted Turner tried to top Westinghouse's bid for CBS, but after various snags, Turner changed his mind and agreed to a merger with Time Warner, creating an even larger conglomerate than Disney/Capital Cities.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•The Donald hasn't made any money off this.

## 53. Mickey Rourke, Pugilist

#### MISDEEDS:

•Actor Jeff Kober was working out at Gold's Gym in L.A. when he spotted Carré Otis, with whom he shared a mutual friend, and started talking to her. Rourke stormed over and got in Kober's face, screaming "You gotta fuckin' problem? You wanna take this outside?" Kober walked away, but the irate ex-hairdresser followed him outside and jumped him while Kober was carrying bags in both hands. Rourke pummeled Kober in the face and left



him for the paramedics, speeding off in his Mercedes. • While Kober was in the emergency room, a Rourke lackey appeared with a wad of hush money. "We're in the examining room and this big thug shows up, complete with diamond pinkie ring, Rolex watch...and tattoos all over his neck, arms and wrists," said Kober's girlfriend. "He said, 'Carré and Mickey would like to offer their condolences.'"

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•Mickey was forced to retire from boxing after a sparring partner whupped him so badly he needed seven hours of surgery.

## 54. Life of Riley

#### MISDEEDS:

•Unofficial Dippety-Do spokesman Pat Riley packed up his Armani suits and fled to Miami with a year left on his contract with the NY Knicks. • Riley began illegal discussions with the Miami Heat in the middle of the

season, and announced that he was leaving New York days after he failed to lead the Knicks back to the NBA finals. • He claimed his decision had "absolutely nothing to do with money." • Ten days before he faxed his resignation to the Knicks, Riley sent a confidential memo to the Heat demanding a \$15 million salary over five years and a 20 percent ownership stake in the club, making the package worth \$40 million. • Riley bought a multimillion dollar waterfront mansion near Sly Stallone's pad in Miami.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•Odds are now much greater that Riley's home will be destroyed by a hurricane.

## 55. The Mile-High Rabbis

#### MISDEEDS:

•Two Hasidic rabbis were

charged with sexually abusing a 15-year-old girl on a flight from Australia to L.A. • Rabbi Israel Grunwald, head of a New York congregation, and his assistant, Rabbi Yehudah Friedlander, who were returning from a conference on morality, were accused of groping the girl under a blanket while the cabin lights were dimmed for a movie during the long overnight flight. • The girl claimed Grunwald engaged her in conversation, reached across an empty seat, placed his hand under her shirt and fondled her breast. He then let his horny pal tag in, and the two rabbis switched places so Rabbi Friedlander could force his hand under her clothing to repeatedly touch her breast and vagina. The girl protested vigorously throughout the incident and finally began sobbing and ran for the lavatory. • Dozens of rabbis attended the hearings to show support for Friedlander (who pleaded guilty) and Grunwald (whose charges have been dropped pending further investigation).

One insisted, "It is impossible that an Orthodox Hasidic person would even speak to a female, much less touch her." • An F.B.I. agent quoted Friedlander, who had pleaded guilty to a charge of third-degree sexual abuse in '91, as saying "I did it, I shouldn't have done it, but it happened."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•Have we mentioned those in-flight movies?

## 56. Methane

#### MISDEEDS:

•An airliner heading to South Africa was forced to turn back and make an emergency landing in Britain after 72 flatulent pigs triggered its fire alarms. • Fifteen of the prize stud pigs being flown out for breeding died of asphyxiation when halon gas was released in the cargo hold as part of the plane's automatic fire extinguishing system. • Fumes from pig poop killed two Indiana farmers who waded through a tank filled four feet deep with feces. • A man died in his sleep from breathing in his own gas. Bad diet (the man had eaten beans and cabbage) and no ventilation were blamed for the death. • A medical examiner said that the victim was "...a big man with a huge capacity for creating [this deadly gas]." Three of the rescue workers got sick and one was hospitalized.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•The man died with a smile on his face.

## 57. Eulogies for a Heroin Addict

•Author Charles Kaiser: "Jerry Garcia encompassed the best aspirations not just of the 1960s, but of the American spirit." • William Ferris, director of the Center for the Study of Southern Culture at the University of Mississippi at Oxford: "Saints emerged from the commonplace world and inspired common people to do uncommon things by the example of these role models. Nowadays, people like Jerry Garcia fill that role." • Posthumous agent Roger



Richman, who handles the estate of Marilyn Monroe: "This could be the biggest celebrity death since Elvis Presley. As big as he was in life, Jerry Garcia may be bigger in death."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•The point that the Deadheads missed, the fact that Garcia was a cynical multimillionaire businessman, was what made the guy so likeable.

### 58. Celebrity Divorce

#### MISDEEDS:

•Seven months after her marriage to real estate developer Rick Taubman, and seven weeks after the birth of their child, Jack, Christie Brinkley left her husband after she found out he had a number of business setbacks. • Two months after the birth of her second child, Jack, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer filed for divorce from her husband Val Kilmer, following

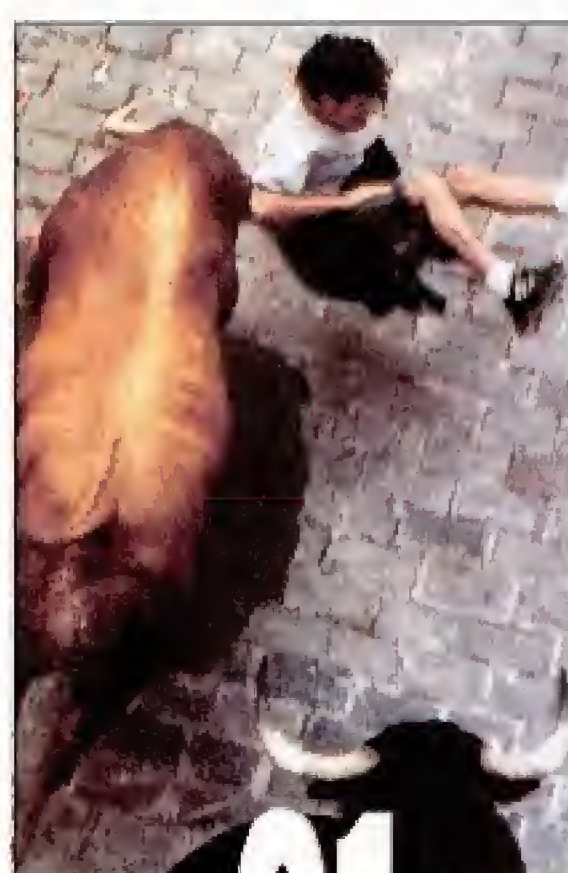
numerous reports of his extramarital dalliances. • After 18 months of marriage and a mere six weeks after the birth of their first child, not named Jack, Dudley Moore and his wife Nicole Rothschild threw in the towel. • Liz Taylor.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•At least the concerned parents had the decency to stay together until the toddlers were born.

### 59. The Ivy League MISDEEDS:

•Under pressure from PC loonies, Yale president Richard Levin refused to create an undergraduate course in Western civilization, prompting Yale alum Lee M. Bass to demand the return of a \$20 million donation that he had given to establish the course. • Cornell mistakenly sent one early admissions applicant an acceptance envelope, then waited until after she had withdrawn her applications from other colleges to tell her that there had been a "clerical error" and she had not been accepted. • Yale expelled senior Lon Grammer and charged him with larceny, after finding out that Grammer, a C-student from a California community college, had falsified an A-plus transcript and forged letters of recommendation. • Harvard premed student Sinedu Tadesse practiced her surgical skills on her roommate, Trang Phuong Ho, stabbing her 45 times with a hunting knife two months after Ho told her she didn't



**Bully For You.**  
During the running of the bulls at Pamplona, American Matthew Tassio was gored to death months after graduating from the U. of Illinois.

want to room with her the following year. Tadesse then ran into the bathroom and hanged herself, bringing Harvard's 1995 suicide total to four.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•Harvard overturned the acceptance of the far less ambitious Gina Grant, who merely bludgeoned her mother to death with a candlestick.

### 62. Mel Reynolds MISDEEDS:

•The 43-year-old married Congressman was caught on tape describing lewd sexual escapades

with a former campaign worker, who was only 16 years old when they first had sex. • Called the girl his "Sweet Young Pussy." • Talked to the girl about masturbating in his office, dildos, anal licking, anal intercourse, and expressed interest in having sex with a 15-year-old friend of hers. • "What kind of pussy does she have? Is it wet? Is it...hairy?" he panted. "Why don't you try to set it up? You think she's going to like this big dick?" • After he was sentenced to five years in prison, Reynolds was not only unrepentant, but claimed that he was the victim of racist prosecutors and media: "When they shackle me, like they shackled my slave ancestors and take me off to jail, nobody in this room will see me crawl."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS

•His "big dick" will come in very handy in prison.

### 63. Loonies MISDEEDS:

•The F.B.I., responsible for collecting data about hate crimes, embarked on a journey to try to find a politically correct way to label those with mental illnesses. • The National Stigma Clearinghouse in New York held a conference on the subject in which half of the participants were bonkers. The meetings descended into therapy sessions, complete with tears and fierce exchanges, with the F.B.I. agents acting as group therapists. • The only conclusion they reached was that the mentally ill would be labeled "people-first," i.e., a "schizophrenic" would now be a "person with schizophrenia."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•Charles Manson might now conceivably be called a "person who is fucking nuts."

### 65. Bob Dole MISDEEDS:

•Attacked Hollywood for pro-



Dennis Rodman. The NBA's leading rebounder and resident Beau Brummell modestly said that the ideal basketball team would be five Dennis Rodmans.



ducing violent movies and rap albums while extolling the virtues of *True Lies*, a violent movie that featured Republican muscleman Arnold Schwarzenegger. • Aides later admitted he had not actually seen any of the movies he had criticized or heard any of the

songs. • Spoke at a lunch for the Economic Club in Chicago, which has a rule forbidding speakers from discussing politics. The club president reminded Dole of the rule, but the vote-hungry pol launched into a political campaign speech anyway, bashing Clinton by name. After he ended his speech with the plea "I want your vote!" he received only a smattering of applause. • Alternately appealed to the moderates and the conservatives in the Republican party, claiming at one point that he was "a moderate" who wouldn't "lead us over the edge" and at another point that he "will fight to the end for fundamental conservative change." • Hired political consultant Ed Rollins, who then called two Jewish congressmen "hymie boys." • On his hero Strom Thurmond: "I follow him around. When he eats a banana, I eat a banana."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS

•Suffered a humiliating defeat at the Iowa straw poll, barely beating Pat Buchanan and tying Phil Gramm.

### 66. Stallone

#### MISDEEDS:

•Insisted that his moronic movie *Assassins* was actually an "existential action film....It's deep. You know?...It's a very cerebral movie....You think it goes boom, but it doesn't. Screenplay by Sartre. Dialogue by Camus." • Signed a three-picture-\$60-million deal with Universal, making him the highest paid actor in Hollywood. • Described himself as "the Hiroshima of love." After engaging and dumping Angie Everhart, he asked Jennifer Flavin to marry him. The model, whom Sly had dumped by FedEx a year earlier, accepted.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS

•Was responsible for the com-

ic-book style advertising campaign that was primarily blamed for the downfall of *Judge Dredd*, which cost \$80 million and made less than \$30 million.

### 67. Jim Carrey

#### MISDEEDS:

•The single most annoying actor in the world signed \$20 million deals with Universal for *Liar, Liar*, in which he plays a liar, and with Columbia for *Cable Guy*, in which he plays a cable guy. • Fired the director of *Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls* to give the job to Steve Oedekerk, the screenwriter and a longtime crony. Claimed that the original director had been fired for incompetence, but none of the original footage—over half of the film—was reshot, nor was any of the production staff replaced. • Has decided that he wants to branch out into heavy drama to prove that he is a real actor. "What are we aiming for?" asked Carrey's manager Eric Gold. "Tom Hanks's career. Seriously. Hanks is a guy that started out in *Bachelor Party*."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•After a black-tie Tinseltown fest, he packaged leftovers in bags and handed them out to the homeless.

### 69. Iraqi Elections

#### MISDEEDS:

•Iraqi troublemaker Saddam Hussein won an astounding 99.96 percent of the votes cast in a nationwide election for president. The dictator was the only name on the ballot, and the vote was not secret, meaning that a "no" vote could result in retribution. • Russian politician/Hitler wannabe Vladimir Zhirinovskiy was invited to monitor the referendum. • In Karbala, which suffered the brutal suppression of a rebellion against Saddam in 1991, the Iraqi government counted 270,867 "yes" votes for



# #68

### The Godfather of Soul Food.

Brando has become so bloated that he has a custom enlarged bathtub, reinforced flooring under his toilet, and a super-diaper.

Saddam and not one "no."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

•Write-in candidate John Anderson mustered a surprising .04 percent of the votes.

### 70. Keanu Reeves

#### MISDEEDS:

•Turned down a role in *Heat* opposite Pacino and DeNiro to play Hamlet in Canada. On his sacrifice for art: "Hamlet! To play that dude is, well, it's worth it." • Reportedly walked out of real actor Ralph Fiennes Tony-award-winning performance of Hamlet during intermission and never came back. • Denied that he was gay again and again, and then appeared on the cover of *OUT* magazine. The issue was entitled the "straight issue."



Mod Is Back. Again. In a blaze of originality, the fashion world dredged up skin-tight polyester slacks, scruffy hairdos and general technicolor ugliness.



#### **MITIGATING FACTORS:**

•Admits that his band, Dogstar, attracts people who "know nothing about music and want to see some movie star."

### **71. Japanese Money Laundering MISDEEDS:**

•Germ-fearing Japanese have encouraged a blossoming cottage industry that specializes in sanitized items. • The fastest-selling pen (1 million a month) in Japan is impregnated with an antiseptic chemical to kill bacteria. • Some refuse to touch money, carrying their bills around in an envelope and making cashiers take out money and put the change back in the envelope. Hitachi has even designed an automated teller machine that irons and sanitizes the bills it dispenses.

#### **MITIGATING FACTORS:**

•There is also an emerging group of people called "cactus women," who don't care about cleanliness, rarely shower shampoo or use makeup.

### **72. Party Cops MISDEEDS:**

•Twenty-four to 30 off-duty NY cops were the subjects of an internal police investigation after a drunken rampage through a Washington, D.C., Hyatt hotel, in which they set off fire alarms, sprayed fire extinguishers at hotel guests, ran naked through the hallways, fired their weapons (which they were ordered to leave in NY) and slid naked down a beer-soaked escalator partition.

#### **MITIGATING FACTORS:**

•Seven of NY's Finest, including officer James "Naked Man" Morrow, were stripped (NPI) of their badges.

### **73. Michael Moore MISDEEDS:**

•The self-appointed champion of ethics was responsible for the cinematic atrocity *Canadian Bacon*. The film's ads "selectively" quoted a negative *New York Times* review. The blurb used in the ad read: "A satire of American yahooism that aspires

to be the 90s answer to *Dr. Strangelove*. It has enough comic asides to keep liberal funny bones tickled." The actual statements in context: "A satire of American yahooism that aspires to be the 90's answer to 'Dr. Strangelove.' ...along the way, the parody becomes so broad that the movie loses its edge and collapses into farce. In its disappointing final third it clings to the hackneyed Hollywood formula of a race against the clock to prevent nuclear Armageddon....If 'Canadian Bacon' finally comes apart at the seams, it has enough comic asides to keep liberal funny bones tickled."

#### **MITIGATING FACTORS:**

•The corpulent conscience of working class America went from a failed NBC show to a failed FOX show and may soon have to apply for a job at GM.

### **74. Melatonin MISDEEDS:**

•The latest wonder drug, a once-obscure hormone that is claimed to reverse the ravages of age, intensify the sex drive and bolster the immune system to ward off cancer, Alzheimer's, and AIDS. • The hormone has only been proven to help reset the body clock, and most claims are based on experiments in test tubes and on laboratory rats and mice. • If misused, it can cause unintended drowsiness, like, say, while driving.

#### **MITIGATING FACTORS:**

•Better than chromium picolinate, the previous wonder-mineral of the '90s that was supposed to help to metabolize fat and was recently shown to cause severe chromosomal damage in rats.

### **75. Screwing Winston Groom MISDEEDS:**

•Despite the fact that *Forrest Gump* grossed more than \$657 million worldwide, Paramount tried to weasel out of paying Groom, who wrote the book, his share of the net profits by claiming the movie actually lost \$62

million. • While Groom received \$250,000 for the rights to the book, Hanks and Zemeckis were expected to rake in about \$40 million apiece. • Neither the teary-eyed Tom Hanks, nor director Robert Zemeckis, nor producer Steve Tisch, nor any of the other three people who collected Oscars for *Forrest Gump* bothered to thank—or even mention—Mr. Groom during their acceptance speeches.

#### **MITIGATING FACTORS:**

•Paramount agreed to buy the rights for the *Gump* sequel for an undisclosed seven-figure sum.

### **76. Transsexual Hoboken Cop MISDEEDS:**

•Hoboken, NJ, police lieutenant John Aiello informed his superiors that he was undergoing a sex change, and that he would sue for gender discrimination if the department didn't follow through with its expected promotion of Aiello to captain. • Before the operation, Aiello, a brawny, six-foot tall, 44-year-old father of two, changed his name to Janet and began sporting a hideous curly bob, red nail polish, and sensible shoes. • Aiello confessed to the department after it became too hard to hide his hormone-enhanced breasts.

#### **MITIGATING FACTORS:**

•Finally, Hoboken has something Manhattan doesn't.

### **77. Ricki Lake MISDEEDS:**

•In a shameless grab for publicity, Ricki "Vanilla Oprah" Lake joined 14 PETA protesters in destroying the offices of fur-user Karl Lagerfeld. She mugged for the cameras when she was arrested and publicly supported the demonstration, but when the case went to court, Lake's flaks insisted that she had been set up by PETA. • When the judge sentenced Lake to four days of cleaning NY subway stations, she refused to obey the sentence. • After negotiations, Lake agreed to pay a \$45 fine, to serve meals to AIDS patients, and to publicly

apologize.(Did we hear someone say publicity?)

#### **MITIGATING FACTORS:**

•Exposed as one of the "Biggest Hypocrites" by the Greater Fur New York Assn. for eating bologna sandwiches and allegedly squishing bugs in her jail cell.

### **78. The Supernote MISDEEDS:**

•Under the alleged auspices of the Syrian government, a Middle East counterfeiting operation has flooded the world marketplace with more than \$2 billion worth of counterfeit U.S. \$100 bills, threatening to undermine global confidence in the dollar. • The forgery, dubbed the Supernote by the Secret Service, is such an accurate replica of the genuine \$100 bill that currency scanners at 12 Federal Reserve banks were unable to spot it. • The Secret Service, FBI, and CIA still don't know where the bogus bills are coming from. • Fear of the Supernote prompted the U.S. Treasury to issue a redesigned \$100 with a watermark.

#### **MITIGATING FACTORS:**

•Remember Desert Storm?

### **79. Jenny Jones MISDEEDS:**

•Jonathan Schmitz claimed he was tricked into coming on the show to have a secret admirer revealed on national television by telling him that the admirer was a woman. The show then surprised Schmitz by revealing that the person with the crush was actually a gay man he had met once before. • Schmitz said the experience had "eaten away" at him and he bought a shotgun and killed his secret admirer. • The dead man's family sued Jones for \$25 million, alleging that he had been given a fifth of vodka and had been encouraged to drink it to help him confront Schmitz on the show. • Jones called the event that she had helped to create a "tragic incident," and claimed to have problems getting over it.

#### **MITIGATING FACTORS:**



• Jones may have to revert to televising her boob-jobs to get ratings.

## 80. Promise Keepers

### MISDEEDS:

• Just when you thought the uncomfortably touchy-feely "Men's Movement" had died out, along comes the Promise Keepers, a multimillion dollar, exclusively male organization founded by the messianic Bill McCartney, who until 1994 was the head football coach at the University of Colorado. • McCartney, who belonged to the group that tried to pass a Colorado state amendment that would have barred any laws protecting gays from discrimination, charged his macho followers \$55 a head to join 50,000 other men in the St. Petersburg Thunderdome, where they danced, hugged, kissed, and cried on each others' shoulders. • A favorite T-shirt of the movement reads: "Real Men Love Jesus," implying that Jews, Muslims, Buddhists, and agnostics are not only wrong, but also a bunch of sissies.

### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• At least Farrakhan isn't in charge.

## 81. The NY Yankeemets

### MISDEEDS:

• In an effort to draw fans to Yankee stadium, George Steinbrenner, rather than acquire a young up-and-coming ballplayer, signed tax-evading, wife-beating, coke-snorting, gun-waving alcoholic has-been ex-NY Met Darryl Strawberry to spice up the lineup. • Strawberry played sporadically for the remainder of the 1995 season, hitting even more sporadically—all for the bargain basement price of \$1.25 million. • After Strawberry's lackluster performance, Steinbrenner inexplicably decided to hire another troublesome ex-Met, Doc Gooden, who was banned from the entire 1995 season for failing a cocaine test.

• George III then let superb manager Buck Showalter go, replacing him with ex-Met Joe Torre, who in his five seasons with the Mets never had a winning season.

### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• Those who live by Steinbrenner's flights of fancy, die by them. Said Darryl to Doc: "If you don't win, George'll get rid of you. Be prepared."

## 82. Uppity Militias

### MISDEEDS:

• Believe they are defending their rights against an impending U.N. takeover of the world that they have dubbed the New World Order. • Believe that New York City police cars are painted blue and white, the colors of the U.N., so that they won't need to be repainted when the New World Order takes over. • Believe that they are being followed by black helicopters flown by the NWO. • The Bible of the militia movement, an atrociously bad pulp novel called *The Turner Diaries*, written by a member of the American Nazi Party, gleefully details the bloody horror of an impending race war, which starts soon after Congress passes the "Cohen Act," which outlaws gun ownership.

### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• On the American loony spectrum, they balance out the Nation of Islam.

## 83. The Culkins

### MISDEEDS:

• Wild man 15-year-old Macauley has been throwing under-age beer bashes for his pubescent pals in his parent-free Upper West Side apartment on school nights. • Meanwhile the two gold-digging parents, Kit and Patricia Brentrup, filed for bread-winner Macauley's adoption. • Kit and Patricia feuded over new gold mine 12-year-old Kieran's schedule. Mom wanted the toddler to go to L.A. on a three-day tour to promote his new film *Father of the Bride II*, and Kit—who is now emerging as the responsible half of the Culkin

lineage—wanted the kid to stay in school, where he had been having trouble in every class but gym. A judge ruled in favor of the press junket.

### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• Hey, free beer!

## 84. Family Entertainment

### MISDEEDS:

• Disney, which prides itself on being the pantheon of family entertainment, was assailed after it was discovered that Victor Salva, director of the Disney flick *Powder*, is a convicted child molester who served 15 months in prison. • In 1988, Salva pleaded guilty to giving a 12-year-old actor a blow job while he videotaped the performance. • When questioned about the child molester in their employ (along with substance abusers, sex offenders have the highest recidivist rate of any criminals) Disney executives sniffed that Salva had paid his debt to society. • "I paid for my mistakes dearly," Salva said. "Now, nearly ten years later, I am excited about my work as a film maker and look forward to continuing to make a positive contribution to our industry." (And meet a lot of nice, clean, hairless, young boys)

### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• If Salva makes it big, there will be fewer boys for Michael Jackson.

## 85. Uebermergers

### MISDEEDS:

• There were over \$38 billion in bank takeovers in 1995, more than double the 1994 total of 14.7 billion, and overall, 1995 was the biggest year for mergers in history. • Chemical Bank and Chase Manhattan bank underwent a \$10 billion merger, the biggest in U.S. banking history, creating the largest bank in the nation. • 12,000 people are expected to lose their jobs as a result of the merger, and 100 of the banks' combined 480 NY branches will close. • Yet no U.S. deals could touch the \$33.8 billion Bank of Tokyo/Mitsubishi

Bank Ltd. merger—the biggest single deal in the history of the world. • And if the merger of banks weren't scary enough, the United Automobile Workers, the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, and the United Steel Workers of America—three of America's biggest unions—decided to merge into one bigger, fatter, more slothful 2 million member leviathan.

### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• It's the American Way.

## 86. The Great Swimsuit Debate

### MISDEEDS:

• The producers of the archaic Miss America Pageant desperately tried to drum up some buzz for their 75th anniversary show by fueling a quasifeminist debate over whether they should eliminate the swimsuit competition. • Said antismwmsuit Miss America Heather Whitestone, "I think it should be eliminated. They're looking at my body. What's wrong with my mind?" Said proswimsuit runner-up Cullen Johnson: "Anatomy is destiny, and you are what you work for." • In the true spirit of PR-hungry democracy, the pageant established two 900-number voting lines to give viewers the power to decide if the world would get to see 50 bumpkins in *Charlie's Angels* vintage bathing suits parade down a runway. Viewers ultimately opted for skin.

### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• Maybe some network executive will come up with the bright idea of dropping these inane contests altogether.

## 87. Suing the MTA

### MISDEEDS:





• A woman who tried to chase a purse snatcher by jumping off a moving E train fell under the train, losing two legs in the process. Rather than sue her assailant, who turned himself in, the woman sued the MTA for \$66 million. • A 13 year old, who was burned when the man sitting next to him on the IRT train accidentally exploded a homemade bomb, sued the MTA for \$5.5 million. The boy's mother, who was not on the train when the incident took place, also sued for \$5.5 million. • A 410-pound man who was passed over for a promotion from cleaner to train operator sued the MTA for discrimination. (Note: the driver's compartment in a subway train is about the size of a phone booth.)

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• Hey, *someone's* gotta pay up.

### 89. Celebrity Weddings

#### MISDEEDS:

• At the bachelor party before Chynna Phillips and Billy Baldwin's wedding, a number of strippers were laid out on tables and covered with food for the guests to eat off. • The Baldwin wedding was held after Labor Day in the Hamptons, so as to limit the number of poten-

tial gawkers. • Psychotic Roseanne—who told the *New Yorker* that "women should kill their husbands more," has decided to bring a child into her happy life, and married her former bodyguard. • And in the most aesthetically horrifying nuptials of the year, Pamela Anderson—clad in a white thong bikini, turquoise scarf, and sunglasses—tied the knot with gun-toting Mötley Crüe drummer Tommy Lee—who wore knee-length cut-offs and tattoos—on the beach at Cancun, Mexico. The couple had been dating for over a week.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• See Celebrity Divorce.

### 90. Antonio Banderas

#### MISDEEDS:

• Gained major free publicity by impregnating bad actress Melanie Griffith while still married to his Spanish wife. • While busy two-timing his wife, Banderas begged a New York stripper to accompany him to Hollywood, where he promised to make her a star. "What about Melanie Griffith?" the nude danseuse asked. "You just let me worry about that," the greasy actor replied. • On the proper path to fame: "Always in my life I prefer to make a structure and platform, solid, and create from there, [rather] than to have it happen, like, boom!" • On being a sex symbol: "People try to put a label, like this: 'You are a Latin lover,' boom!" • On his decision to pursue a variety of roles: "I am happy that I'm following a direction that doesn't make me look, or feel, even, like a boom!"

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• *Desperado*, *Assassins*, *Never Talk to Strangers*—talk about a sophomore slump.

### 91. The McCartneys

#### MISDEEDS:

• Linda on omnivores: "Underneath it all, people know I'm right, that meat is murder and they are not kind people. They don't feel good about it, so they project their dislike for themselves onto me." • Linda also claims meat gives you brain diseases, because it is full of "worms" and "bugs." • With the help of the second-most-whipped Beatle, Paul, Linda got George and Ringo to sign life-long agreements to not eat meat. • The couple sent 22 tons of dried veggie-burger mix—enough to make 1 million parties—to Bosnia. • Along with fellow millionaires Yoko Ono, Harrison, and Starr, McCartney threatened to sue a publisher for producing an album featuring dogs barking to Beatles songs.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• McCartney wanted to buy back the rights to the Beatles' songs from child enthusiast Michael Jackson, but the chimp-meister didn't return his calls.

### 92. Rogue Traders

#### MISDEEDS:

• 28-year-old Nicholas Leeson fled from the Singapore office of Barings P.L.C. after he realized that he couldn't conceal \$1.4 billion worth of unauthorized futures trades. Leeson—who failed high school math—escaped in his yacht, and when he was apprehended in Germany, he claimed that he had been on vacation. Leeson's shady dealings resulted in the collapse of Barings. • Toshihide Iguchi, an ex. VP at Daiwa Bank—who used to be a male cheerleader at Southwestern Missouri State University—was arrested for fraud after it was discovered that he had lost more than \$1.1 billion over an 11-year period, while falsifying records of more than 30,000 unauthorized trades in an attempt to cover up his losses. •



#### Popemania.

Pope CDs, Pope books, Pope tapes, Pope t-shirts, Pope foam fingers, Pope soap-on-a-rope, and yes, Virginia, there is a Pope comic book.

The Japanese Ministry of Finance waited six weeks before telling American regulators of the scandal, long enough for Daiwa to unload \$500 million of its own stock. • Hugh Grant has expressed interest in playing Leeson in an upcoming movie.

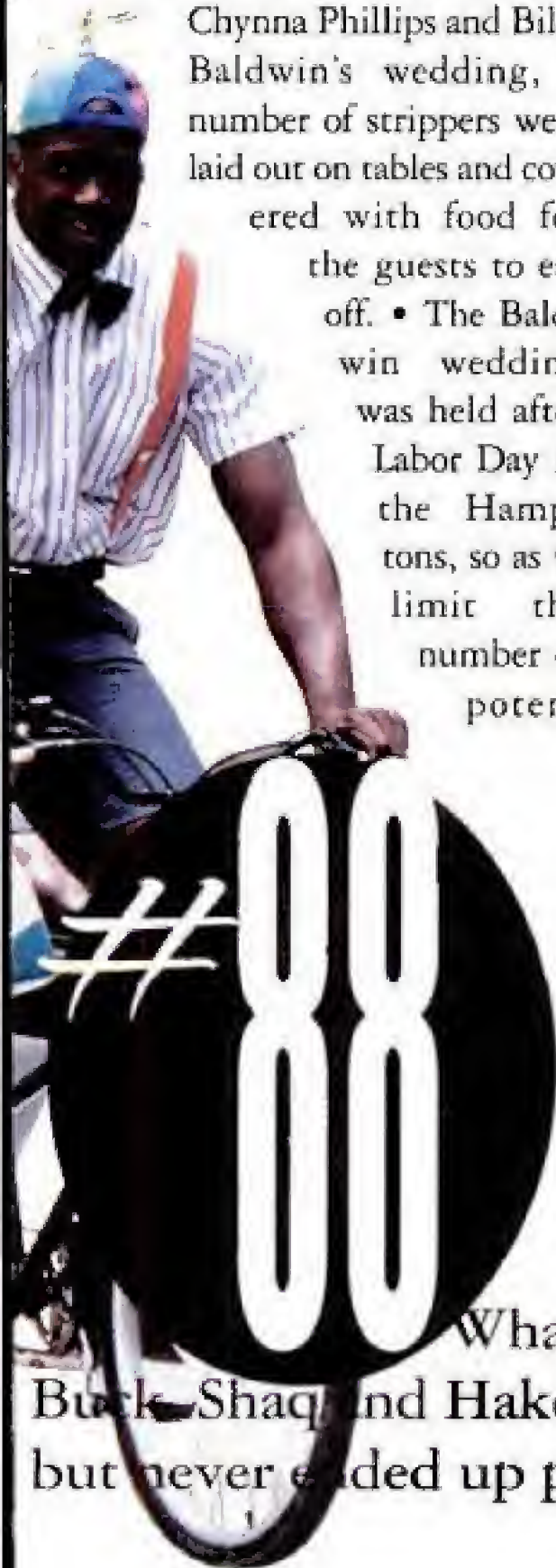
#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• Federal regulators closed all Daiwa offices in the U.S. after a grand jury accused the bank of illegally covering up its losses.

### 94. The Dirty DA

#### MISDEEDS:

• Rockland County DA Kenneth Gribetz was arrested for tax evasion and misusing federal funds while in office. • According to Gribetz's mistress, Constance Taylor, Gribetz was a sadomasochistic cross-dresser who made a contract to be Taylor's sex slave and used the



What Multimillionaire Athletes Won't Do for a Buck Shaq and Hakeem challenged each other to a one on one, but never ended up playing. Taco Bell paid them anyway.



fund to pay for their affair. • The F.B.I. used as evidence Gribetz's numerous sex toys, whips, a gold-lamé miniskirt, black high heels, panty hose, a brunette wig, and nude photographs found in Taylor's home, along with an answering-machine tape on which Gribetz refers to himself as a "bad girl." • Like many well-connected criminals, Gribetz avoided jail time, receiving only five years probation and 500 hours of community service. He wept and hugged his wife after his sentencing.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• Say what you will about his ethics, Gribetz did look stunning in the gold lamé miniskirt.

### 95. Cindy Crawford, Thespian

#### MISDEEDS:



• Landed the lead in a Joel Silver "thriller" *Fair Game*, opposite Billy Baldwin. Before the movie had even been screened, Warner Bros had already signed her to a second feature for twice her \$1 million salary, and sent her on a whirlwind promotional tour. • Test audiences panned the film, Cindy in particular, and the studio dropped the movie from its plum summer opening to September, then October, then November. Some claimed that it was her terrible acting, while others claimed it was her voice—leading to rumors that Crawford would have a voice-double.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• She's a better actress than Kathy Ireland.

### 96. Fidel & Yasser Do the Town

#### MISDEEDS:

• Murderous dictator Fidel Castro, sassy in suit and tie, hobnobbed with David Rockefeller and did lunch at Mort Zuckerman's, kissing up to his capitalist companions: "You are the cream of the crop." • Castro called elections "popularity competitions" by "speakers good at theatrics, demagogues, and liars." • Castro, whose country can politely be called a shambles, on NY Mayor Rudy Giuliani: "I would not vote for the mayor. It's not because he didn't invite me to dinner, but because on my way into town from the airport there were such enormous

potholes." • Giuliani, to his credit, ordered terrorist Yasser Arafat to leave a Lincoln Center benefit concert. The hanky-headed homunculus shuffled away quietly, but later boasted that he had told Giuliani's aides to "go to hell!" • Arafat was booked for an MTV news interview with Tabitha Soren. Said Steve Dillon, MTV's hairdresser: "I really wanted to blow his hair out, do something with it, like braids maybe, but he insisted on keeping that turban on. It was a fun session though. He cruised my assistant, who's really cute, and said he really likes blonds."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• Tina Brown didn't offer to let either of them guest-edit the *New Yorker*.

### 97. Student-Teacher Relations

#### MISDEEDS:

• Former gym teacher Glenn Harris, dubbed the Runaway Romeo, took a 15-year-old girl on a two-month cross-country odyssey in which they tried to get married and were eventually captured by the police. Harris was later swamped with big-budget movie deals for his story. • A 24-year-old school aide enticed a 14-year-old student into a daylong sexual tryst during which she handcuffed the boy to her bed and had oral sex and intercourse with him. She claimed she was the victim of the sexual encounter. Authorities released a taped conversation between the two in which she says, "I had you hostage or something," and he says, "It was good. I enjoyed it. You got skills." • A 30-year-old business teacher allegedly had sex with a 15-year-old girl in his Future Business Leaders of America club.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS

• It's no longer hard to get laid in high school.

### 98. Free Mumia

#### MISDEEDS

• Amateur criminalists Naomi Campbell, Oliver Stone, Alice Walker, Paul Newman, Spike Lee, David Byrne, Roger Ebert, Maya Angelou, Susan Sarandon, Molly Ivins, and E.L. Doctorow, along with Norman "I freed Jack Henry Abbot to kill, and I'll do it again" Mailer, rallied to the cause of convicted cop-killer/journalist Mumia Abu-Jamal and won an indefinite stay of execution. • Roger Ebert summed up the movement's depth: "Basically, my position is, I'm opposed to capital punishment, so it was a real easy call for me... I didn't even have to think about the merits of the evidence."

#### MITIGATING FACTORS

• The LAPD didn't handle the evidence collection.

### 99. Senator Al

#### MISDEEDS:

• Trashed Judge Lance Ito on Don Imus's radio show, referring repeatedly to the judge as "Ee-roee" and using a Jerry Lewis-style Japanese accent, which Ito does not have. "Judge Ito likes the limelight," said the attention-craving senator. "He is making a disgrace of the judicial system, little Judge Ito." • Issued a press release that insisted the attack had been personal and not racial. Two days later, elaborated on the apology, saying his actions had been "totally wrong and inappropriate." • In a bizarre bid for sympathy, Senator Pothole checked himself into the hospital that weekend for "chest pains" and released photos of himself on a hospital gurney to the press. The doctors claimed there was nothing wrong. • Wrangled a divorce from his Catholic wife so he could shrup gossipeuse Claudia Cohen.

#### MITIGATING FACTORS:

• The publicity-hungry Fonz told Tom Brokaw that he deserves some of the criticism he gets: "I'm not without my faults, and I can be testy, irascible. I can be darnn stupid at times, I mean." • There may be something to this Whitewater thing after all. ☺





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Linda Fiorentino - \$45  
Laurence Fishburne - \$45  
Carrie Fisher - \$35  
Bridget Fonda - \$75  
Harrison Ford - \$150  
Jodie Foster - \$150  
Andy Garcia - \$50  
Richard Gere - \$75  
Mel Gibson - \$110  
Hugh Grant - \$50  
Mark Hamill - \$45  
Linda Hamilton - \$45  
Tom Hanks - \$75  
Darryl Hannah - \$50  
Woody Harrelson - \$45  
Teri Hatcher - \$55  
Rutger Hauer - \$35  
Ethan Hawke - \$45  
Lauren Holly - \$45  
Anthony Hopkins - \$50  
Dennis Hopper - \$50  
Helen Hunt - \$45  
Samuel L. Jackson - \$45  
Tommy Lee Jones - \$75  
Harvey Keitel - \$45  
Moiré Kelly - \$45  
Nicole Kidman - \$55  
Val Kilmer - \$50  
Natalie Kinski - \$45  
Christopher Lambert - \$45  
Jessica Lange - \$50  
Dennis Leary - \$40  
Jennifer Jason Leigh - \$50  
Daniel Day Lewis - \$75  
Juliette Lewis - \$50  
Heather Locklear - \$55  
George Lucas - \$75  
David Lynch - \$40  
Kelly Lynch - \$45  
Andie MacDowell - \$50  
Michael Madsen - \$45  
Mary S. Masterson - \$60  
Debbie Mazar - \$40

Kelly McGillis - \$50  
Demi Moore - \$125  
Julianne Moore - \$45  
Kate Mulgrew - \$60  
Eddie Murphy - \$75  
Liam Neeson - \$50  
Sam Neill - \$45  
Paul Newman - \$75  
Jack Nicholson - \$65  
Leonard Nimoy - \$65  
Chris O'Donnell - \$50  
Gary Oldman - \$50  
Julia Ormond - \$50  
Al Pacino - \$65  
Mary Louise Parker - \$50  
Sarah Jessica Parker - \$45  
Michelle Pfeiffer - \$125  
River Phoenix - \$195  
Brad Pitt - \$55  
Stephen Rea - \$45  
Robert Redford - \$95  
Christopher Reeve - \$45  
Keanu Reeves - \$55  
Julia Roberts - \$195  
Isabella Rossellini - \$45  
Tim Roth - \$40  
Kurt Russell - \$45  
Rene Russo - \$40  
Meg Ryan - \$75  
Winona Ryder - \$95  
Susan Sarandon - \$50  
Roy Scheider - \$40  
A. Schwarzenegger - \$110  
Anabella Sciorra - \$50  
Martin Scorsese - \$50  
Steven Seagal - \$65  
Jerry Seinfeld - \$50  
Jane Seymour - \$50  
William Shatner - \$75  
Charlie Sheen - \$50  
Alicia Silverstone - \$50  
Christian Slater - \$50  
James Spader - \$40  
Steven Spielberg - \$95  
Sylvester Stallone - \$95  
Patrick Stewart - \$65  
Sharon Stone - \$75  
Madeline Stowe - \$60  
Meryl Streep - \$55  
Kiefer Sutherland - \$40  
Kristy Swanson - \$45  
Patrick Swayze - \$45  
Quentin Tarantino - \$50  
Tiffani A. Thiessen - \$50  
Emma Thompson - \$50  
Uma Thurman - \$55  
Marisa Tomei - \$65  
John Travolta - \$45  
Jeanne Tripplehorn - \$40  
J.C. Van Damme - \$65  
Denzel Washington - \$50  
Sigourney Weaver - \$50  
Robin Williams - \$45  
Bruce Willis - \$65

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Psychics, witches, and "extra-sense" therapists are doing more than advising President Yeltsin on Bosnia policy. They're curing cancer, picking good days to sign nuclear test ban treaties, and eliminating cockroaches—all at bargain prices! Oh, and Elvis is really dead, at least according to Vladimir Lenin.

BY MARK BAUMAN



Russian healers can cure cancer with just the touch of a hand.

Ask anyone who has changed shrinks, astrologers, or bartenders in the last six months and

they will tell you that spiritual advice is easy to find, but hard to quality-control. And the new Russian bourgeoisie is learning this les-

son the hard way. Wealthy entertainers, businessmen, and even the political elite have fallen for the

promise of psychic enlightenment—from forecasting true love to curing impotence to planning presidential campaign strategy.

## In Moscow, the Devil can help anyone, for a fee.

In his latest reincarnation, Yakov Galperin, a former Soviet-era psychiatrist, is Moscow's high priest of white magic. His center, known to most Muscovites as the Extra-Sense Institute, is conveniently located across the street from one of Moscow's criminal courts, in a two-story red building nestled behind a protective brick wall.

Galperin presides over the institute from a corner office on the second floor. Accepting visitors from behind his *faux* pine desk, he sits both cradled and

dwarfed by a red velvet chair that looks as if it were made to swallow the Kremlin. As I enter his office, Galperin proffers a slightly plump hand and says he is happy to see me.

His nicely tailored charcoal-gray suit is a bit full in the paunch, and his eyebrows are generous—making Galperin look a bit like the unfortunate offspring of a love match between Leonid Brezhnev and Winnie the Pooh. I look around the office and tell him I have heard that he can communicate

with space aliens and cure cancer with no more than the touch of a hand. Galperin quickly assures me that this is true, and promises me a full demonstration of the powers of white magic.

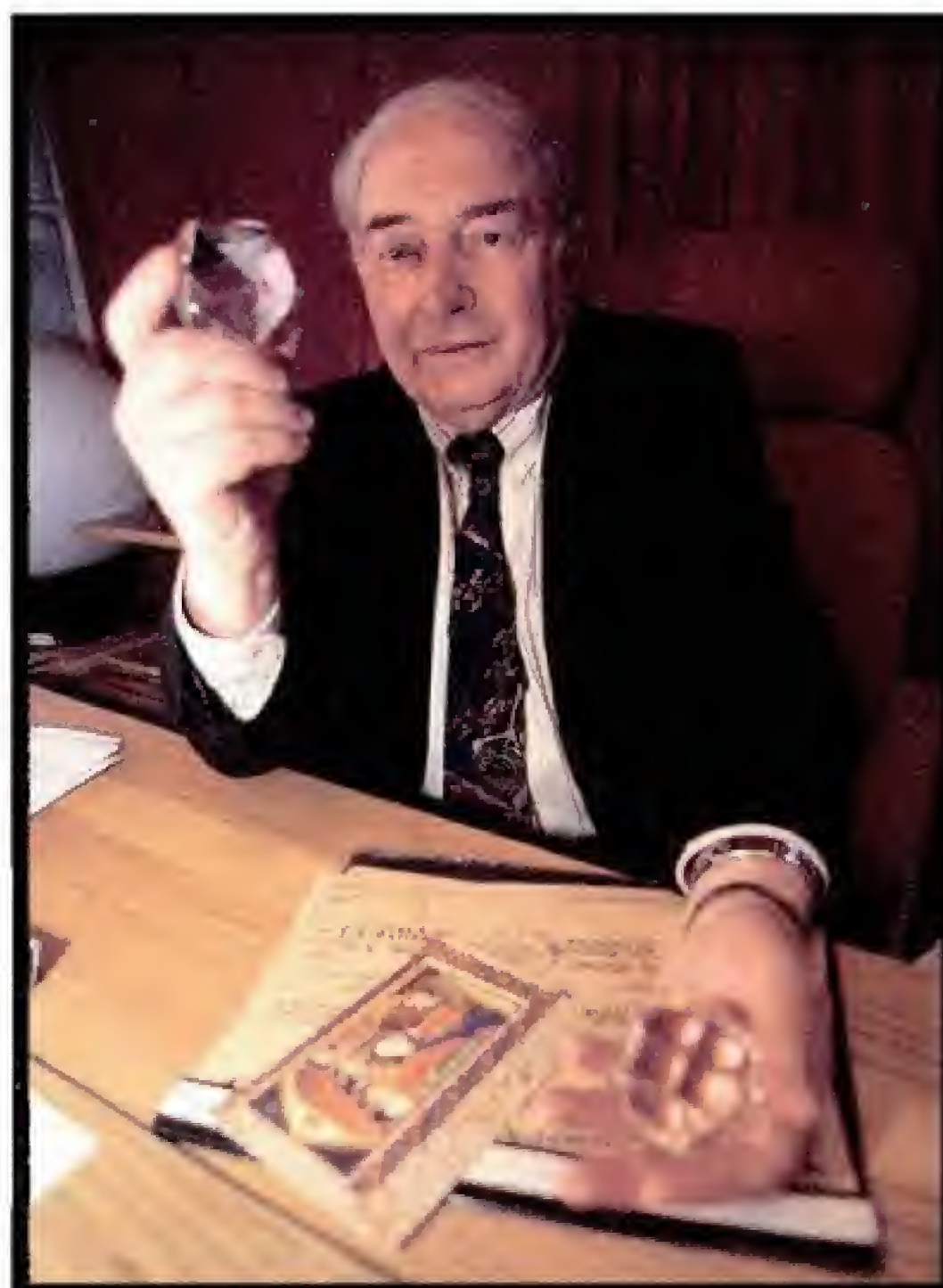
"My institute is dedicated to positive white healing energy. Witches perform black magic only," he offers, though I haven't even mentioned the Samantha Stephens connection. "Like me, a witch can also heal," he explains. "But because they deal with the dark forces, the cure is only temporary and



the patient will eventually be much worse. On the other hand, the Galperin Institute can deliver love and riches, because we deal only with God's divine force. As a matter of fact, we can give you so much luck that you don't even need riches."

**A**nd with promises like that, it's easy to see why the man is so successful. Before opening the institute, Galperin was the director of Moscow Narcology Hospital Number 17, a forced-labor facility for alcoholics and drug addicts unlucky enough to have violated the city's strict laws against public intoxication. In the old days, Soviet psychiatrists were often used by the Kremlin as prison administrators, while others in the profession provided the rationale for putting political dissidents behind bars. But Galperin assures me that he has left Soviet medicine behind in favor of his new career.

As my eyes wander the room, a pattern begins to emerge: The curtains are red, the carpet is red, there are red carnations in a vase on his desk. If Galperin's former politics were truly left behind, clearly his interior decorator was not.



Galperin offers luck so that you don't need riches.

After the formalities are over, Galperin calls his assistant into the room and tells me that his institute now treats more than 10,000 patients a month. "This country is getting more and more expensive," he says. "For example, most Russian doctors would charge a cancer patient \$1,000. So the poor have no place to go here. We provide a variety of cancer treatments at one-tenth the price."

Toward the back of the room, his assistant, Tanya, places a video in the VCR and pushes Play. For the next 20 minutes, I watch a man with a scalpel remove "tumors" from the necks, legs, and arms of a series of patients. He appears to be standing on a theater stage.

"You see," says Galperin, "we don't need anesthesia. We don't need to sterilize the scalpel between operations, and, miraculously, there is no bleeding. Our success rate is quite astounding."

*What happened to the woman in the film who was getting her neck operated on?*

"I don't know," he answers. Tanya looks sick to her stomach.

Later, as I tour the in-patient area

of the center, I watch as a thin, dark-complexioned young man waves his hands frantically above the bare belly of a blonde woman who, while partially exposed, has refused to remove her rabbit-fur coat. The man tells me that his patient has not had her period in several months, and that he is removing the bad energy.

In a room down the hall, a middle-aged woman moves a candle slowly back and forth across the chest of a man in a wooden school chair. The man is slightly overweight, and is dressed in soiled khakis and a rumpled blue T-shirt. His thinning widow's peak hangs in a limp, Pee-wee Herman spit curl.

The woman tells me that her patient is suffering from deep depression. She says that she gave the man an herbal tea that her grandmother taught her to make, and now she is trying to unblock his heart with

the candle. As she continues her work, I notice that the room is decorated with paper icons of the Virgin Mary and that she is moving the candle in the shape of a cross.

"Don't believe everything they say here," she says. "Many of the therapists are frauds."

As I leave the room, the man declares that he is starting to feel better.

**T**wo days later, I return to the institute to sit in on a training session for future "Extra Sense" therapists. As Galperin greets me, I tell him that I met one of his students a year before, when she was using brain waves to drive cockroaches from



the apartment of one of my friends. I say that the results were, at best, mixed, and Galperin assures me that not everyone has "the power" in equal measure.

"Scientists at the center are conducting a variety of experiments on

## Devil Worship

Witches, warlocks, and healers have gained such wide acceptance in Russia that they have successfully invaded the political arena. Yuri Longo, a wizard with his own TV show, claims to be a personal adviser to President Yeltsin. The ultra-nationalist political parties have

He then leads me down the hall to another wing of the institute, where students are starting to gather.

I ask if anyone can put me in touch with the spirit world, and two female volunteers step forward. One tunes in Serafim Sarovsky, a Russian saint. The other contacts an extraterrestrial. Much of what they say is incomprehensible to the uninitiated, but what it boils down to is that they both love me, and they're

## "So, Mr. Lenin, if you had it to do all over again..."

insects and livestock," he tells me. "We can use our higher force to kill cockroaches or to grow giant ones. And we're working on a method for removing meat from cattle and chickens without killing them."

Before we go see the students, I tell Galperin I would like to use his power to contact the dead—to interview the founder of the Soviet state, Vladimir Illych Lenin. My father has even armed me with the first question: "So, Mr. Lenin, if you had it to do all over again, what would you do differently?"

At first, Galperin seems disturbed, then uninterested. He tells me that Lenin is evil. "These days," he continues, "I'm only in contact with the forces of good."

He does, however, manage to establish contact with my mother's father, who died before I was born. Much of what he is saying is incomprehensible to the uninitiated, but what it boils down to, Galperin tells me, is that my grandfather loves me, and that he's proud of all I've accomplished.

Galperin says that some of his students are better conduits to the spirit world than he is, and suggests I might be able to speak with other spirits later.

even elected a famous wizard, Anatoly Kashpirovsky, to the national parliament.

So I guess it's time I visit one myself.

Oksana, who says she is a devil worshipper and a witch, has a large clientele made up mostly of Russia's most successful capitalist firm: the Mafia.



Before students are admitted, they are tested for "Dar."

"I made love with the Devil once," she says wistfully. "The dark forces can be extremely seductive."

Though she charges about \$100 for a consultation, for really serious spells she will ask as much as \$10,000.

proud of all I've accomplished.

Before students are admitted to the Galperin Institute, they must be tested for "Dar"—the divine power—and Galperin has promised to test me. Tanya leads me downstairs to a closet-size room where a short, middle-aged brunette waits behind a desk squeezed against the back wall.

She motions for me to sit down, and then turns the key on a black box about the size of a cigarette case. She picks up a metal rod that is attached to the box by a wire. Touching the rod to each of my fingers, she takes a "reading" off the back of the device, which she tells me was developed by the Israelis. Then she touches the rod to several points on my head.

Apparently, the reading from the top of my head is low, indicating that I have a severely inhibited connection with the heavens. Also, the divine energy flowing out through my fingertips is weak. The good news, however, is that the reading

from my third eye (in the middle of my forehead) is abnormally high, which means that I have strong intuition.

Later, when I share my test results with Galperin, he shrugs and tells me that some have the divine power and some don't—a Russian version of "when



ya got it ya got it." "I myself feel extremely lucky to be an agent of the divine force," he says. My third eye tells me he's full of shit.

Meanwhile, nearly all the mediums I talked to wanted nothing to do with contacting Lenin. He was too powerful, they said, or too evil.

**F**inally, I called the office of a famous female medium who had contacted Lenin before. (Incidentally, she also claimed to be the second coming of Christ.) Jesus channeling Lenin sounded like some powerful mojo.

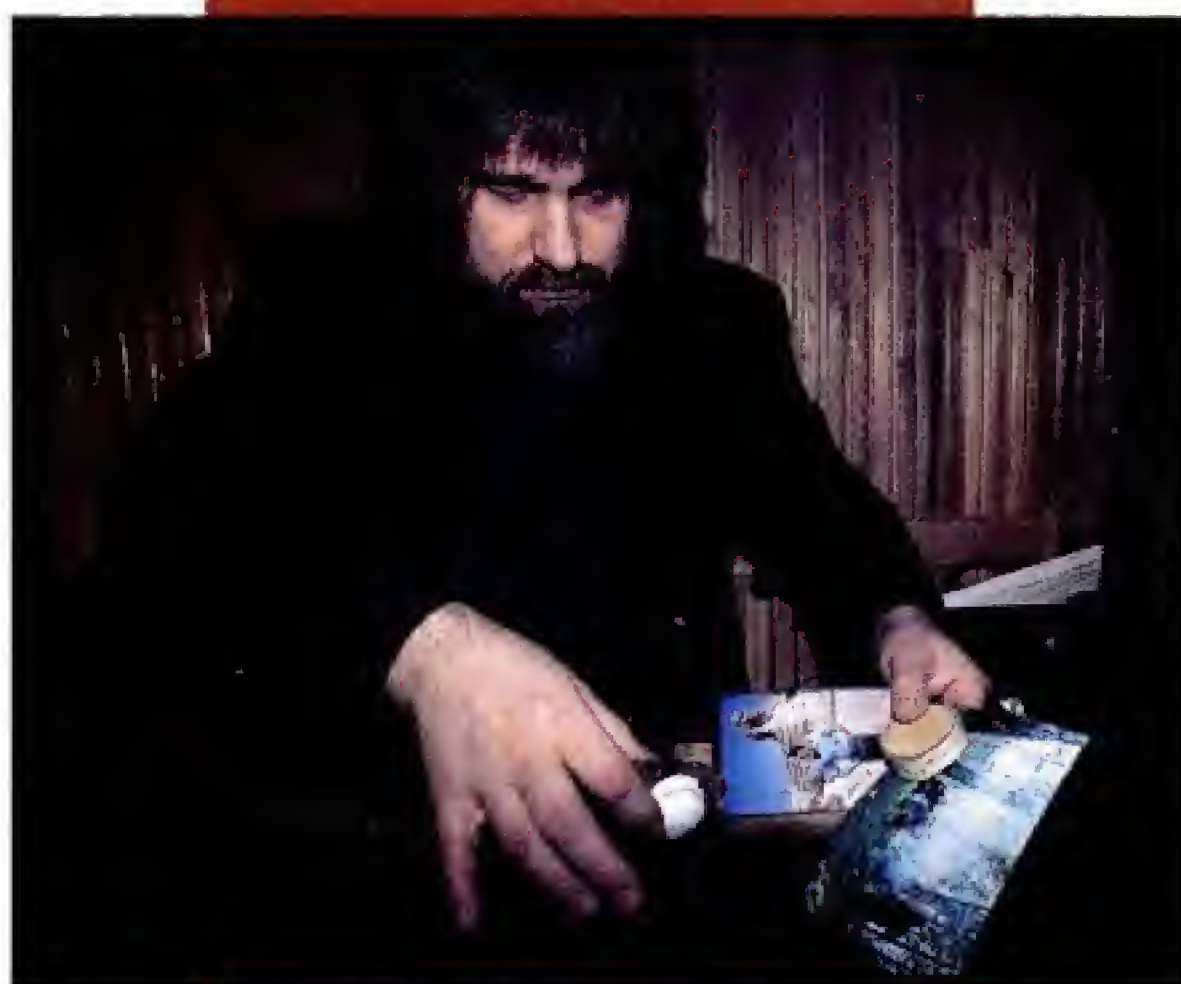
Unfortunately, her appointment calendar was booked, and our meeting was not to be. Only Valery Avdeyev, director of the "School of Spirits," seemed excited about the project when we discussed it on the phone.

"For \$350," said Avdeyev, "of course you can talk to Lenin."

When I arrived at Avdeyev's school, located in a drab apartment block near Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport, the rotund and balding master

The Devil, she says, can help almost anyone—if they're willing to pay.

"One very big Mafia man came to me because he couldn't have sex. I found out that his wife



The dark forces can be very seductive—and costly.

had put a curse on him because he was sleeping around. So I took the curse off."

Oksana shows me a cabinet full of herbs and powders that she says she gathers from the forest or buys from an old Gypsy woman. She tells me she learned her craft from other witches, but that her love affair with the Devil began early. "I don't like people who are always talking about doing the right thing," she says. "I do not like the church people and I do not like the Communists."

vice much more economically and efficiently, as he is already in touch with several other planets. (Moreover, as an American, if I could help him get the NASA contract, he'd be happy to split the proceeds with me.)

The preliminaries over, Avdeyev first decides to channel Lenin through Vera Kirichenko, a 23-year-old student. After placing her in a trance, Avdeyev asks her, "Are you Vladimir Illych Lenin?"

"Yes," she whispers.

"You may begin the interview," Avdeyev says.

*Is it true that you died from syphilis?*

"Lenin" seemed unable to answer, and further questions yielded the same response. Afraid he was losing his audience, Avdeyev ended the trance and promised to channel Lenin himself.

*Where are you now? Heaven or Hell?*

"I still walk the Earth," he told me, "because I have not been buried."

*So that is really you in the mausoleum, and not just some lump of wax?*

"No," he said. "They took my body out of the mausoleum after World War II. And now they perform tests on it in a laboratory."

*My father wants me to ask you, if you had your life to live over again, what would you do differently?*

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

*Are you in touch with Elvis Presley or Jim Morrison? Are they really dead?*

# "For \$350, of course you can talk to Lenin."

himself greeted me at the door. During a brief conversation, Avdeyev pointed out to me that NASA was spending millions of dollars a year broadcasting radio signals out into the galaxy, in an attempt to contact alien forms of intelligence. Using just his mind, Avdeyev informed me, he could perform the ser-

At the end of my hour, Oksana led me to the door and kissed me on the forehead. "Listen," she said, "if you ever need any help, you know where to come."

She pauses, and then adds: "But next time, don't forget to bring the money."

"They're dead," Lenin told me, clearing up an important mystery. "But, like me, they know that people love them, so they're happy."

*What is the key to happiness?*

"Revolutionary discipline," said Lenin. Then Avdeyev put out his hand for the money. ☛



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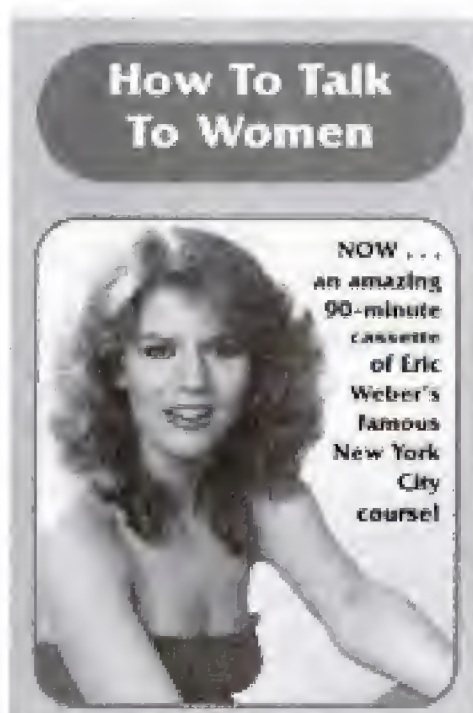


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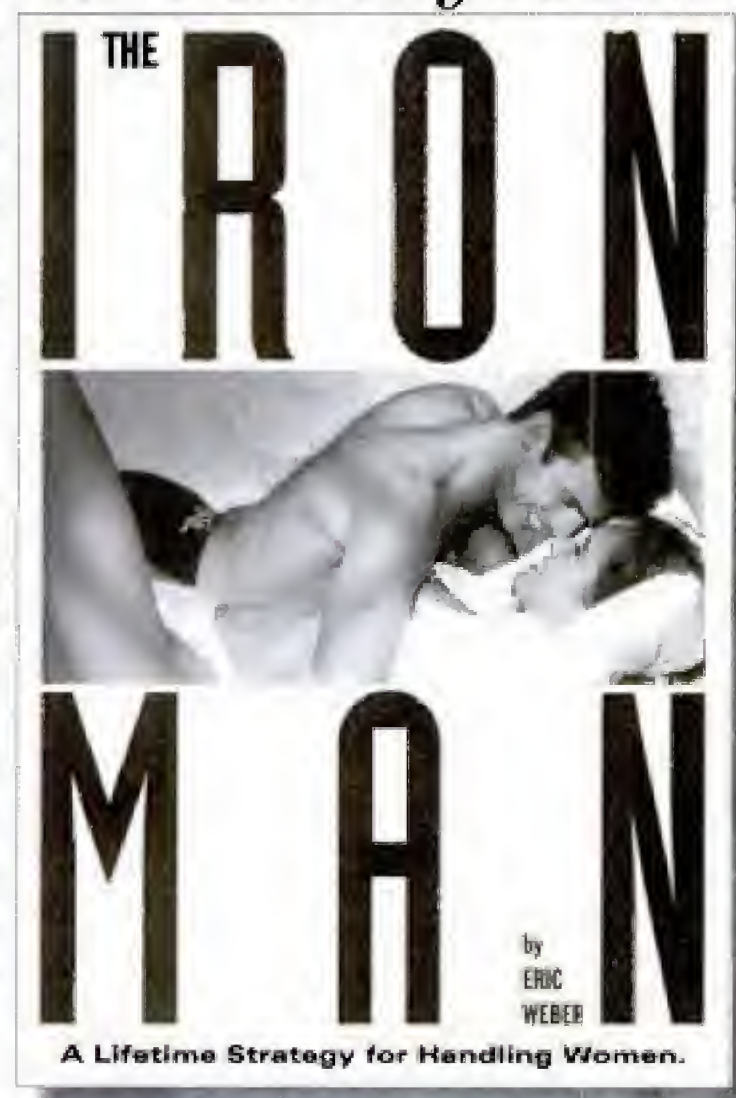
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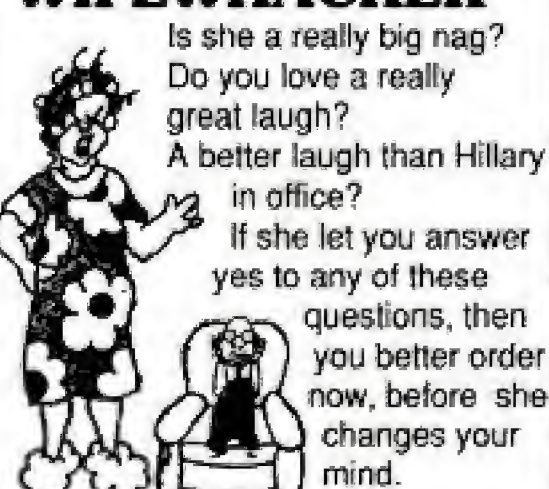
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# PHOTO CREDITS:

**Correction:** Some of the photos in our December 1995 issue were credited to the wrong page. The correct credits are:

**Page 22:** Peternek/Sygma  
**Page 25:** Duncan Raban/All Action/Retna (Crow), Steve Granitz/Retna (Fleiss), A. Savignano/Galella Ltd. (Baldwin), Everett Collection (Laurel), Eileen Miller/Black Star (Donahue), Rick Friedman/Black Star (Gingrich), AP/Wide World (Gifford), Walter McBride/Retna (White), UPI/Bettmann (Marsalis)  
**Page 26:** AP/Wide World

# January/February 1996

**Cover:** Bill Davila/Retna Ltd. (Demi's Head)

**Page 6:** Victor Malafronte/Celebrity Photo

**Page 16-17:** Henry McGee/Globe Photos (Kissinger), Gerardo Somoza/Outline (Lauren), Celebrity Photo (Maples), AP/Wide World (Beatles)

**Page 18:** Leo Vials/Archive Photos (Doorman), Courtesy of Paramount Pictures (Howard), Sandra Johnson/Retna (Stoltz), Stewart Volland/Celebrity Photo (Caruso)

**Page 20-21:** Neal Peters Collection (left), Everett Collection (right)

**Page 22:** UPI/Bettmann (top), Ewing Galloway (bottom)

**Page 24:** Lisa O'Connor/Celebrity Photo (Alexander), Archive Photos/Fotos International (Perlman), Lisa Rose/Globe Photos (Spelling), Archive Photos (Shore), Movie Still Archives (Stallone), Everett Collection (Shaud), AP/Wide World (Miller), Globe Photos (Shirmerman), Marina Garnier (Lauren), Archive Photos/Popperfoto (Wilde)

**Page 48-49:** Gregory Pace/Retna Ltd. (far left), Tom Gates/Archive Photos (center), Ewing Galloway (top right), Murray Close/United Artists (bottom right)

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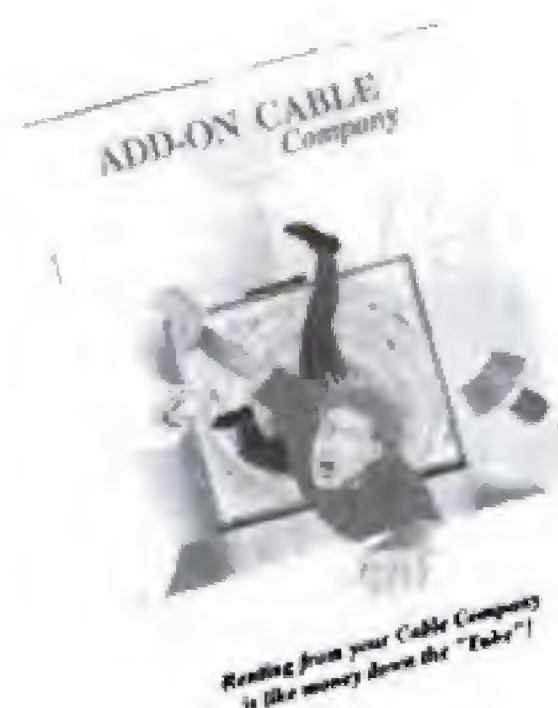
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Page 56-57: AP/Wide World (2 left), Epix/Sygma (right)

Page 58-59: AP/Wide World (left, right), M. Ferguson/Galella Ltd. (center)

Page 60: Dan Lecca (left), Tillen/Tyndall (right)

Page 63: Bill Davila/Retna Ltd. (bottom)

Page 64: Everett Collection

Page 66-70: Heidi Bradner

Page 76-77: M. Ferguson/Galella Ltd. (Cavett), David Allocca/DMI (Bolton, Brown), Richard Chambury/Globe Photos (Fleetwood), Jim Smeal/Galella Ltd. (Phillips, Ferrigno), London Features (Young), Jorie Gracen/LFI (Winfrey), Ron Galella (Kennedy), Dave Lewis/Rex USA (Tyson), Steve Azzara (Allen)

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Statement required by 39 USC 3685 showing the Ownership, Management, and Circulation of SPY magazine published bimonthly (6 issues annually) for October 1, 1995. Publication number 002-002. Annual subscription price \$18.00. 1. The location of known office of publication is 49 East 21st Street, N.Y., NY 10010. 2. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the Publisher is 49 East 21st Street, N.Y., NY 10010. 3. The names and addresses of the Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor are Publisher Laurence Rose, 49 East 21st Street, N.Y., NY 10010, Senior Editor Guy Noolucci, 49 East 21st Street, N.Y., NY 10010, and Managing Editor Sunny Edmunds, 49 East 21st Street, N.Y., NY 10010. 4. The owner is Spy magazine, L.P., 49 East 21st Street, N.Y., NY 10010; Spy magazine, Inc., 49 East 21st Street, N.Y., NY 10010; John P. Colman, 49 East 21st Street, N.Y., NY 10010; Dana Neller, 49 East 21st Street, N.Y., NY 10010; Dr. Benjamin Lipstein, 49 East 21st Street, N.Y., NY 10010. 5. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages or Other Securities: None. 6. Issue Date for Circulation Data Below: September/October, 1995.

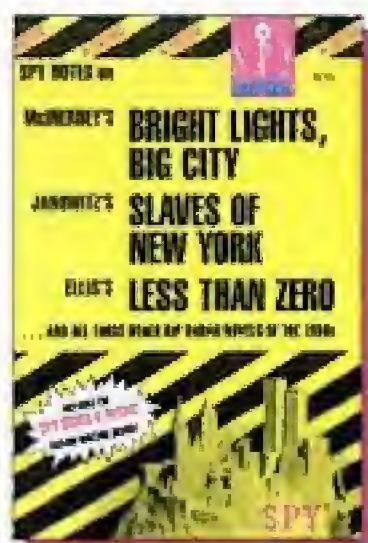
Average Number of Copies of Each Issue During the Preceding 12 Months.

A. Total number of copies (net press run): 293,165; B. Paid and/or requested circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 72,635; 2. Mail subscription (paid and/or requested): 94,640; C. Total paid and/or requested circulation: 167,275; D. Free distribution by mail carrier or other means, samples complimentary and other free copies: 3,841; E. Free distribution outside the mail: 0; F. Total free distribution: 3,841; G. Total distribution: 171,115; H. Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 1,691; 2. Return from news agents: 120,359; I. Total: 293,165; Percent paid and/or requested circulation: 97.6%.

Actual Number of Copies of the Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date.

A. Total number of copies (net press run): 281,705; B. Paid and/or requested circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 77,394; 2. Mail subscription (paid and/or requested): 92,204; C. Total paid and/or requested circulation: 169,658; D. Free distribution by mail carrier or other means, samples; complimentary and other free copies: 1,949; E. Free distribution outside the mail: 0; F. Total free distribution: 1,949; G. Total distribution: 171,607; H. Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 1,175; 2. Return from news agents: 108,924; I. Total: 281,705; Percent paid and/or requested circulation: 98.9%. I certify that the statements made by me above are complete and correct. Vincent McGinn, CFO, September 26, 1995.

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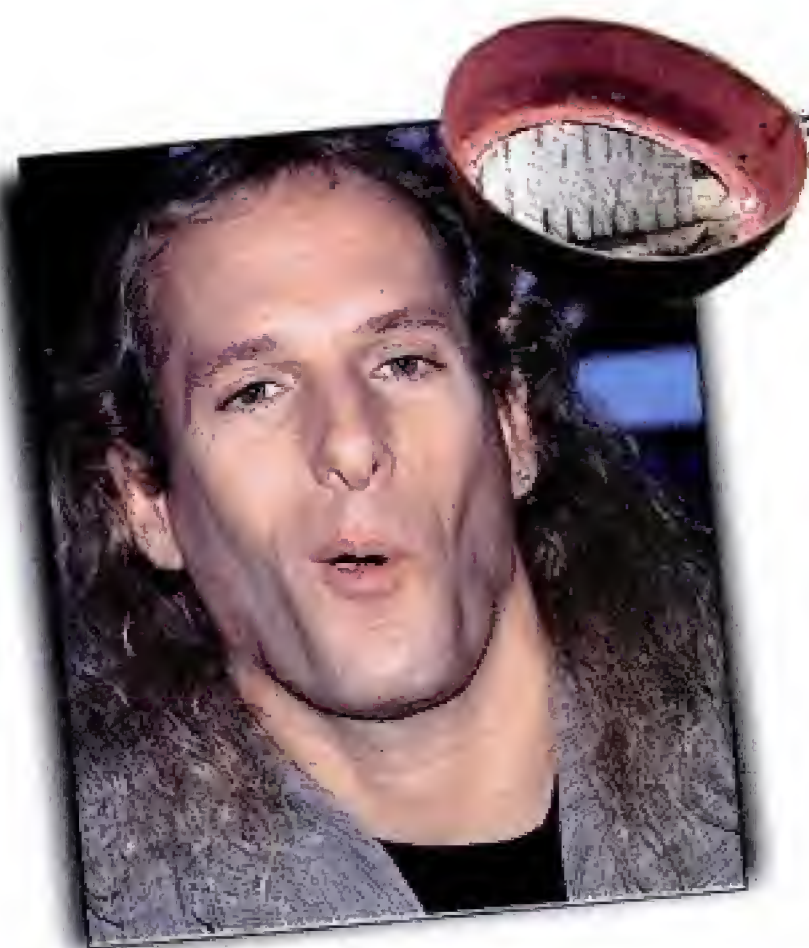
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## Party Poop



If there's one celebrity that the paparazzi don't mess with, it's scrappy infomercial shill Dick Cavett (left). "When I kick ass, it stays kicked," snarls the pint-size pugilist.



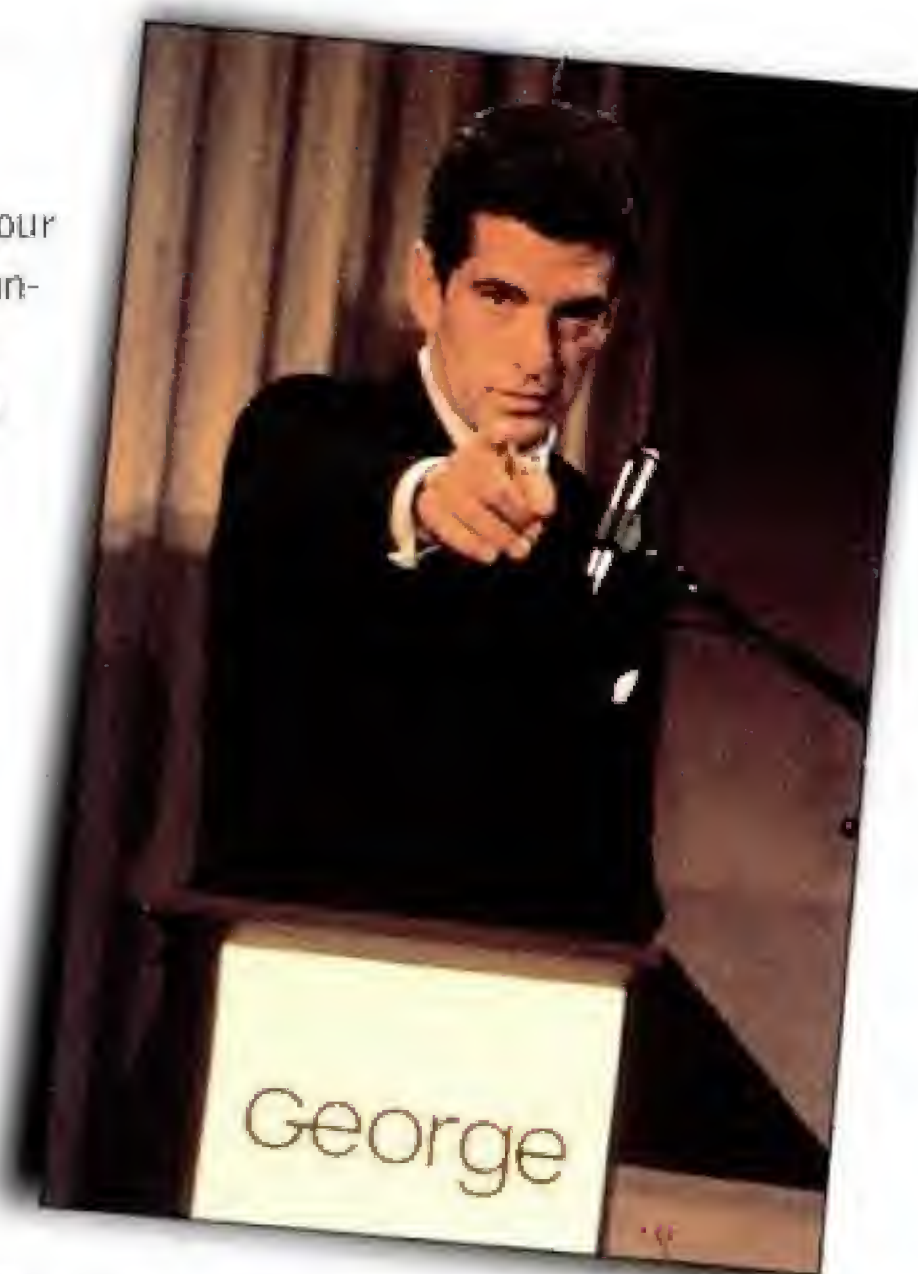
"Tow me da baw! Tow me da baw!" Weekend slugger Michael Bolton (above) has just been recruited by the United States Special Olympics softball team. Following the lackluster reception of the latest Fleetwood Mac album, Mick Fleetwood (above right) has decided to strike out on his own. His "Finger-Lickin'-Good" solo tour, sponsored by KFC, should begin sometime in the fall of 1996.



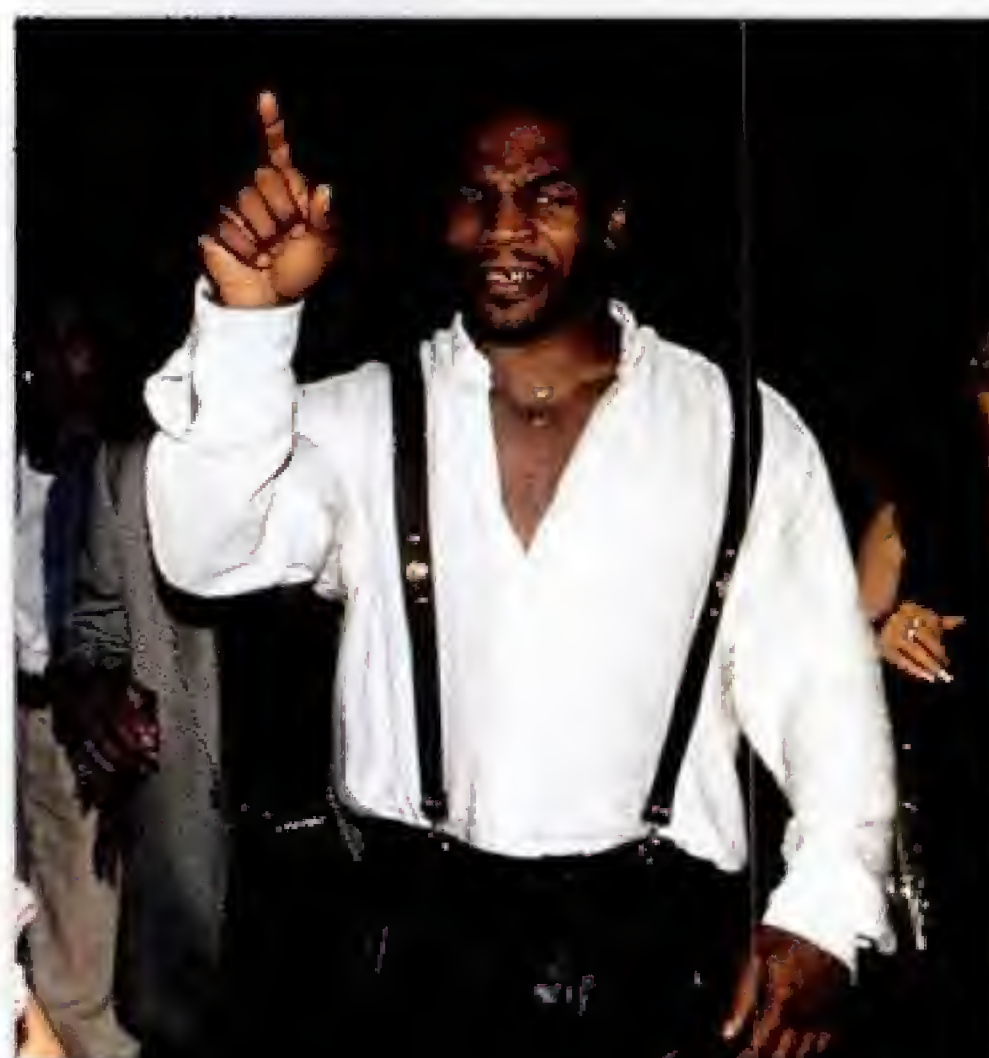
And you thought she was a beard: Scientologist beauty Kelly Preston (left) snuggles up to her loving husband, the dashing, tuxedoed John Travolta—oh, it isn't? Never mind. With a smile like that, who wouldn't want to work with Sean Young (center)? When Hollywood's most popular actress gives casting directors her patented wink-and-a-wiggle, she gets signed faster than you can say, "wackadoo!" That Oprah Winfrey (right) is one lucky gal. Her fiancé saw her choking on a five-pound slab of goose liver pâté and quickly gave her the Heimlich. This shot was snapped moments before the pâté flew out, felling the hapless cameraman.



"I want YOU...or how about your sister?" Wonderboy editor John-John (right) gives his state-of-the-magazine address—or is it adress?



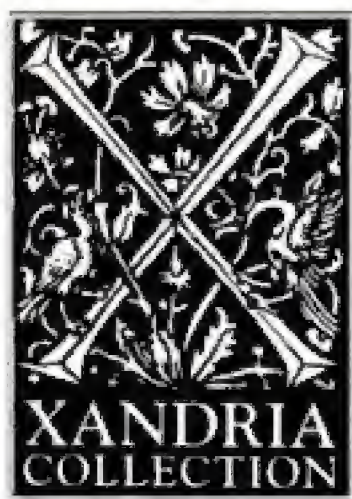
A sweaty and tingling Woody Allen (left) strolls nonchalantly out of an adult theater, where he caught a midnight showing of "Horny Adopted Asian Daughters, Part III." Don't worry about that stain, Woody—protein gets out protein.



Devout Muslim Mike Tyson, (top) in a billowing white blouse and sassy patent-leather pants, shows off the dancin' moves that made him such a hit in the big house. Silver-tongued strongman Lou Ferrigno (center), green with envy over former lifting buddy Arnold's success, attempts to prove his mettle by crushing the head of a dwarf. Chuck Berry (bottom) flashes a shit-eating grin as James Brown dons leather gloves and does the dance craze that's sweeping L.A.: the "OJ."

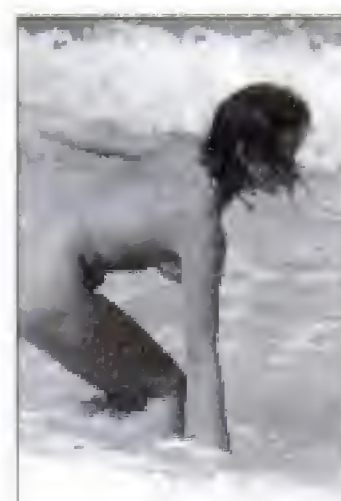


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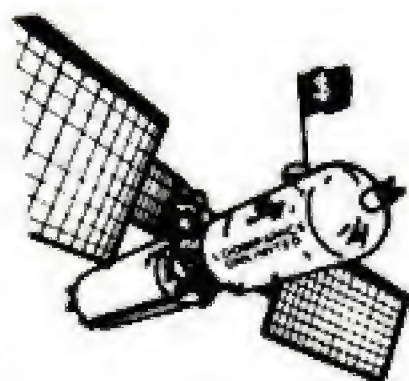
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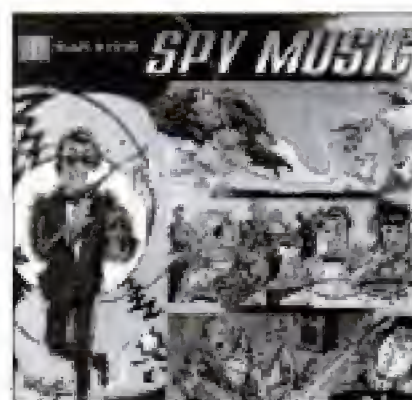
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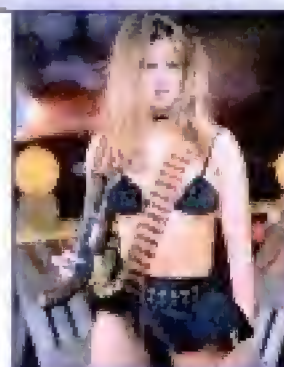
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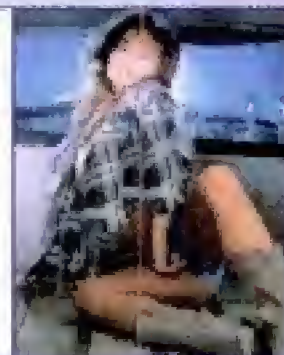
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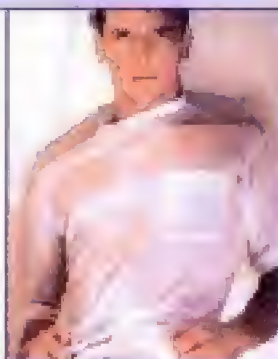
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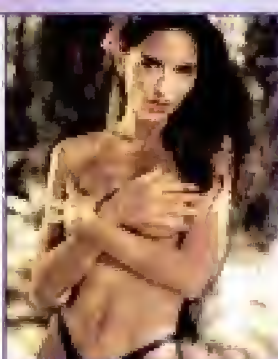
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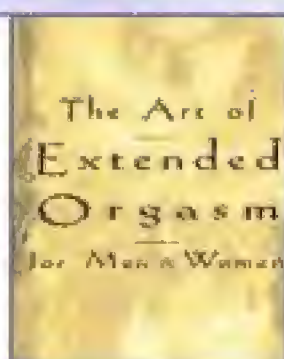
We offer an all-color brochure featuring a sensational selection of All-Male Videos for only ... \$3.00  
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#2346

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#2220

## MYSTIQUE COLLECTION

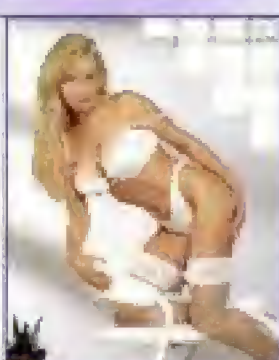
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#1161

## SEXY AND EROTIC CALENDARS

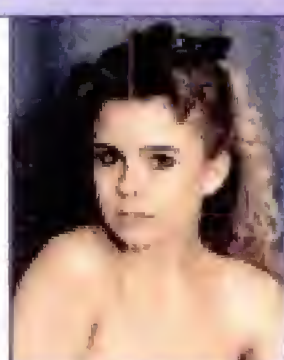
Sterling Specialties Calendar Sensations brochure features the best selection of sexy and erotic calendars for 1996. The luscious beauties shown in our calendars are sure to arouse you and your fantasies. \$2.00



#2196

## CUSTOMIZED PRODUCTIONS

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#2223

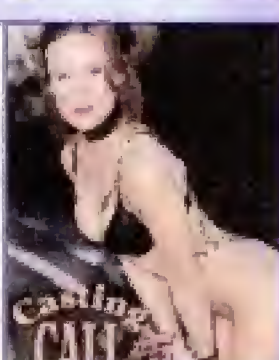
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#1797

## TOM OF FINLAND

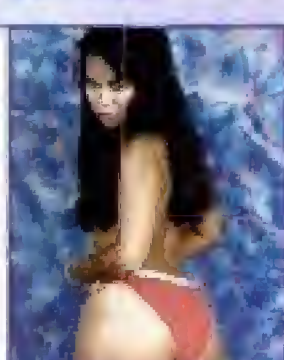
The hottest collection of male erotica. Dozens of books by Tom of Finland, The Hun, Etienne, male '50s physique books, sexy cards, posters, T-shirts, rubber wear, sex, music, underground videos & special source for "The Wild Ones." 18 pg. catalog \$5.00



#2263

## ASIAN MYSTIQUE

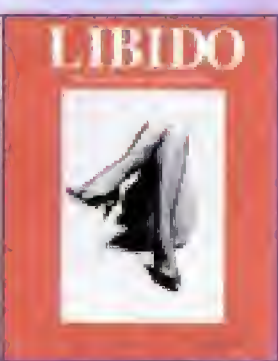
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#2302

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HUDSON RIVER, NEW YORK 2005

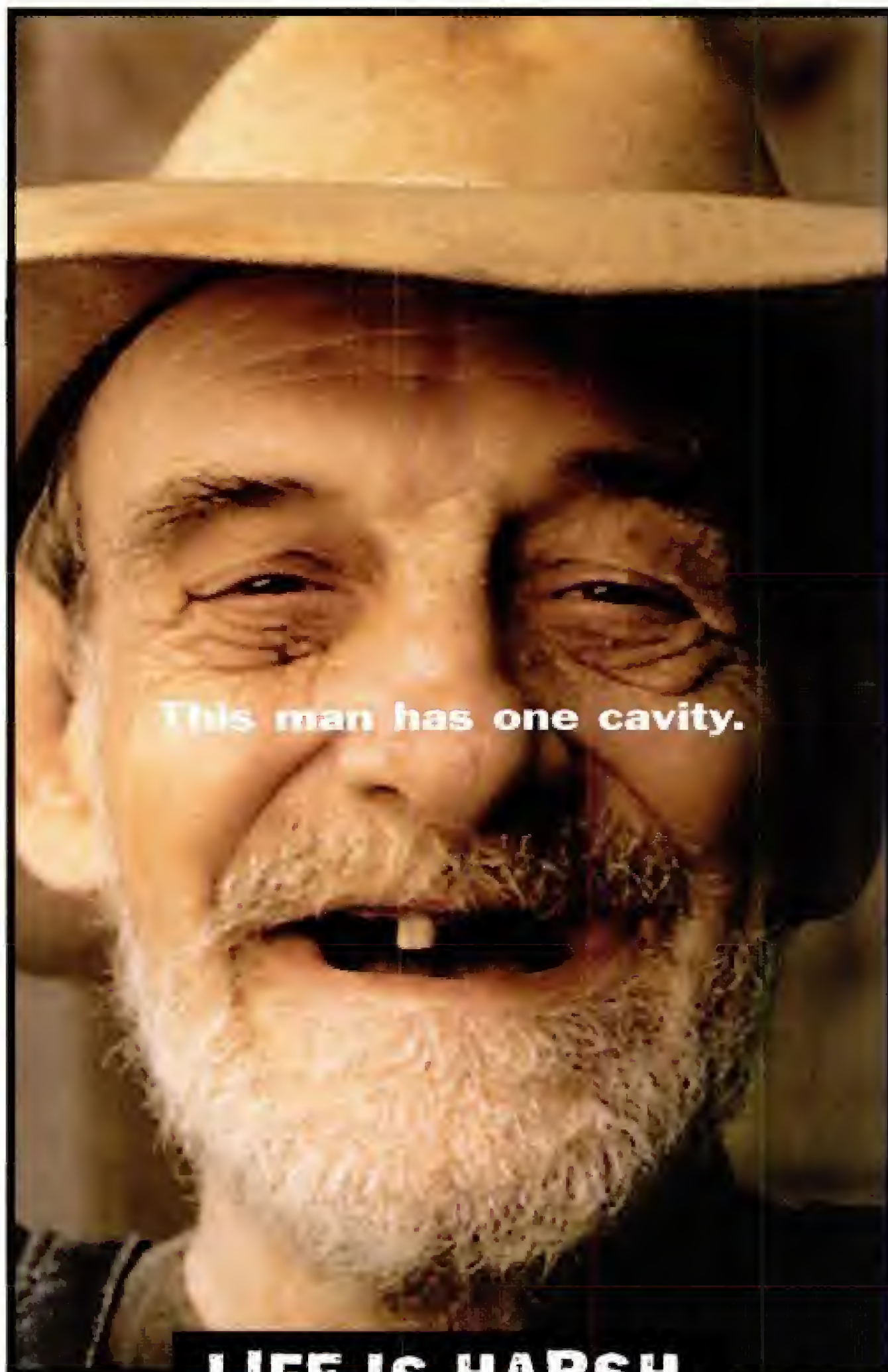
# Reno on The Hudson

The  
Millennium  
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In 1996, New York legalized riverboat gambling, turning the Hudson river into a gaming mecca. Never one to be outdone, Donald Trump bought the U.S.S. Intrepid Naval Museum in 2005, and converted it into a leviathan casino-nightclub-hotel. Despite public outrage at his desecration of the warship, Trump was unrepentant. "I turned an ugly old boat into a work of art," he said.





This man has one cavity.

**LIFE IS HARSH.**

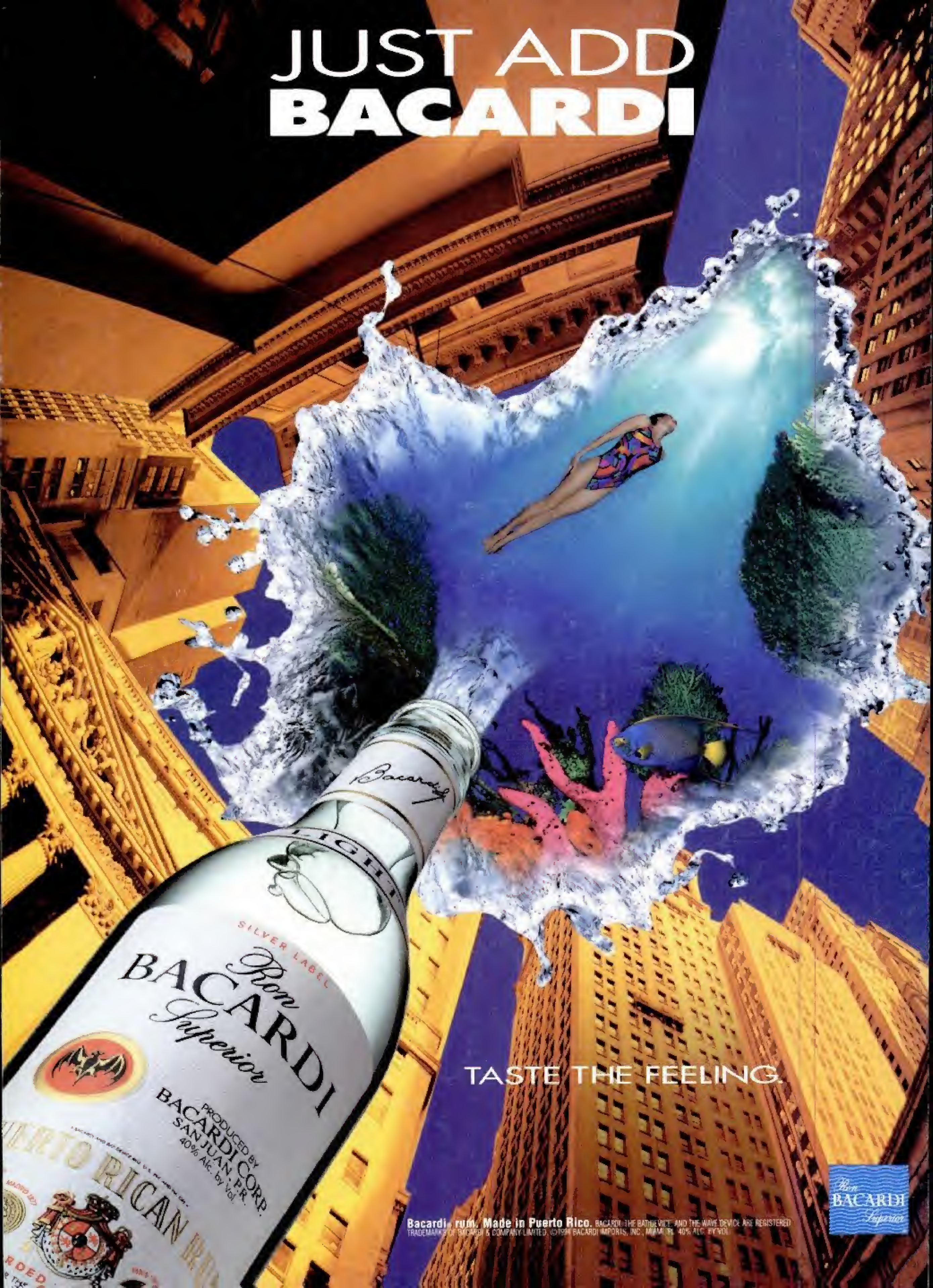
*Your tequila shouldn't be.*



SAUZA "CONMEMORATIVO." THE SMOOTHER, OAK-AGED TEQUILA.



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